



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

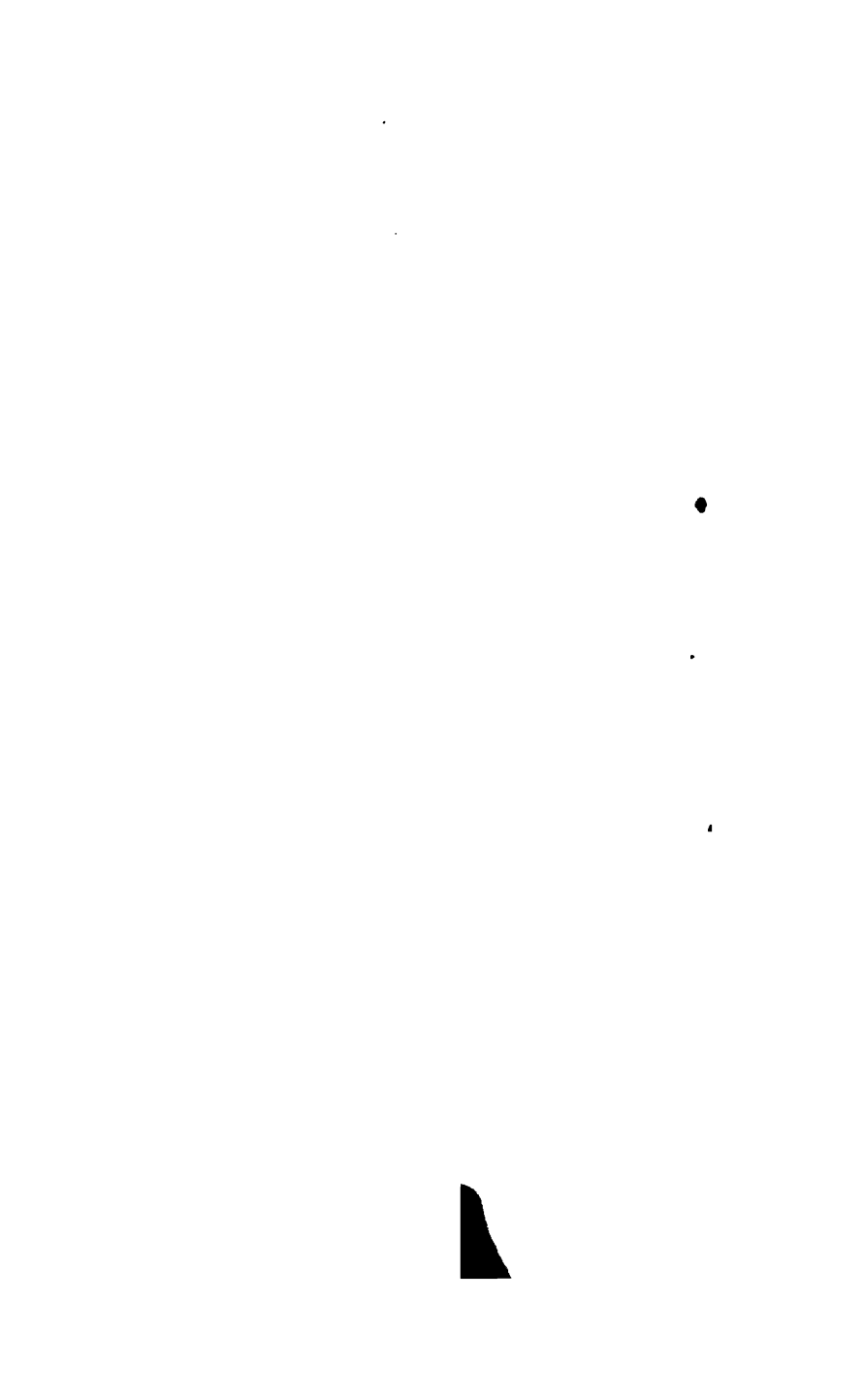
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

3 3433 06730382 0



NCW  
Mathers

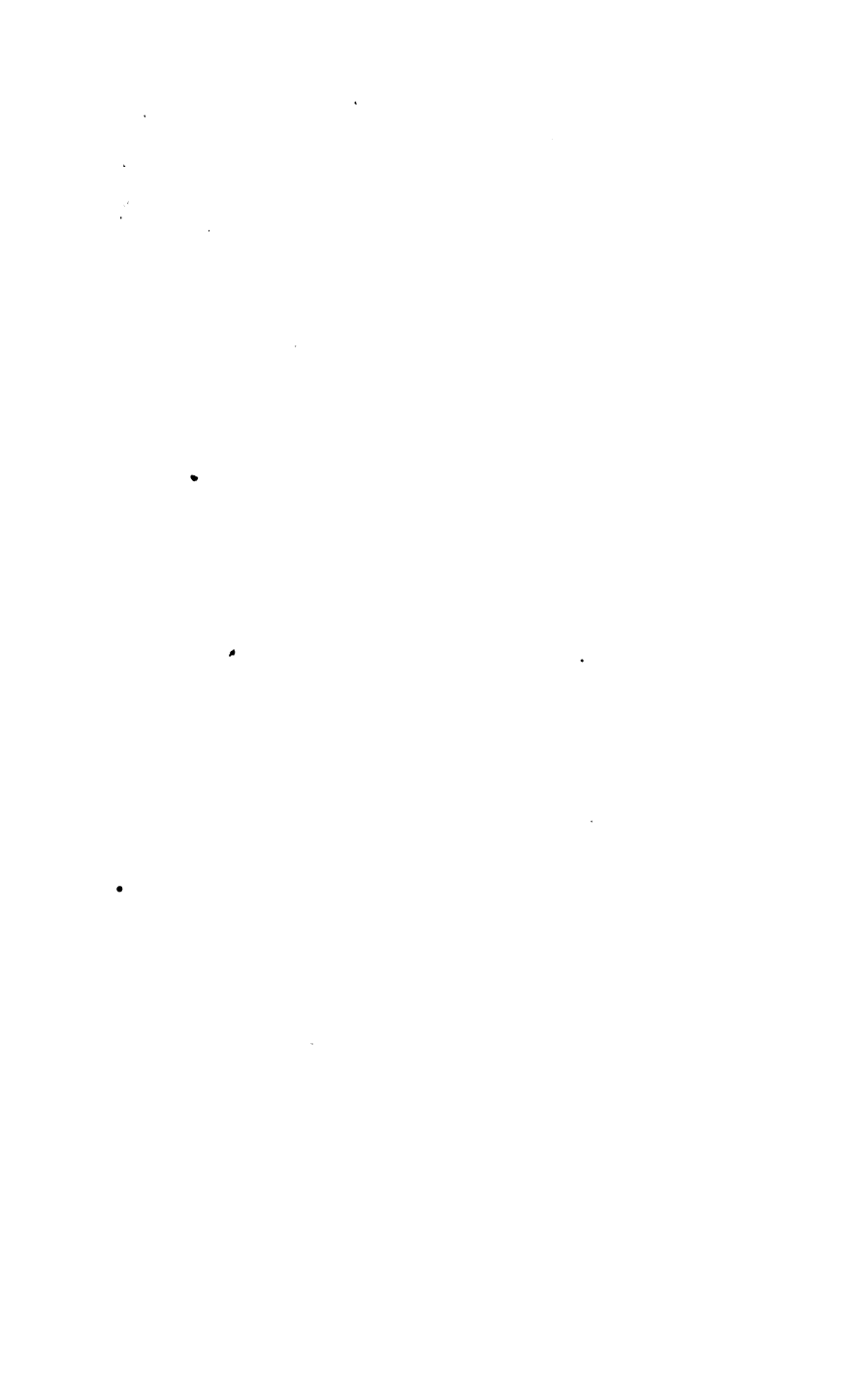






1.1.  
AC  
Mat









THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
**ELSMERE AND ROSA:**

AN  
EPISODE:  
IN TWO VOLUMES.

---

THE MERRY MATTER WRITTEN BY JOHN MATHERS;  
THE GRAVE, BY A SOLID GENTLEMAN.

---

*Sic positi quoniam suaves miscemus odores.*

---

VOL. I.

---

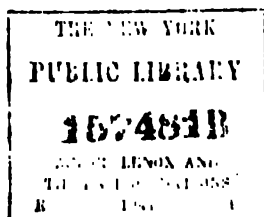
LONDON:

PRINTED FOR BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY,  
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

---

1817.

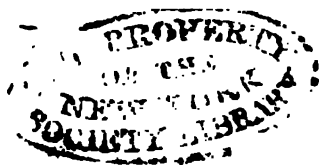
Co



---

C. Baldwin, Printer,  
New Bridge-street, London.

---



## ADVERTISEMENT.

---

**F**OR the present volumes the public are indebted to the following extract, from one of the monthly Reviews, which was communicated to the author of the History of Mr. John Decastro : videlicet ;

“ In point of humour, the History of Mr. John Decastro stands without a parallel, in our day ; and we doubt very much whether Fielding or Smollet could, with any chance of success, dispute the palm with the author of the History of Mr. John Decastro, of whose family we should be glad to see more particulars, not forgetting our good friend OLD COMICAL.”

The author begs leave to return his humble thanks for these very handsome things; and also to the gentlemen of the Monthly and of the Critical Reviews, for things, equally handsome, communicated to him by the same gentleman.

## INTRODUCTION.

---

**H**ERE follows, although it goes first, some preliminary matter, which, like a mat and a scraper, is put before the threshold to prepare the courteous reader for his more cleanly entrance into the book. Old Comical takes the pen; and, in the mean time the solid gentleman stands on one side of the desk, with his hands in his breeches' pockets, his face shaven, and wig powdered, all ready for business.—It is mighty good, and very well; nay, it is very exceeding well—but let it pass—and cast an eye, reader, if you please, upon the heel of the fourth volume of the History of Mr. John Decastro and



his friends, and there you will find Old Crab reading the funeral service over Frederic Decastro's remains, which is but saying grace before the worms fall on, and dine upon our mortal bodies! How they liked the taste of Frederic we never went under ground to make inquiry. Frederic was a pickle all his life—how the worms like pickles is another matter; be that as it might, he was a man of a wrong spice to please the palates of some folks above ground. But his passing-bell is tolled: let the worms do the best they can with him; he had his faults; but we will not serve him like a bacon hog, cut him up after he is dead. Now, in cutting folks up, reader, we should imitate an alderman; when he cuts up a haunch of venison, he always picks for the best pieces: yes, we should do well to do the same when we cut up

a man, pick for his merits, and his virtues, and his savoury bits, and lay them before the company; and as for his faults and his vices, hide them under the knife and fork, and the garnish in the dish. We could stretch that comparison a little further on the tenter-hooks; but, not to tear the cloth, proceed we to say that poor Frederic was laid in the grave after he was buried—a piece of intelligence which it is necessary should be communicated to the reader, for how should he know this if nobody told him?

Well, candid reader, when the root is in the ground, why, Heaven's blessing on the fruits.—Come we now to the subject matter of the following history. Its elements, or, for more noble tone, its elementary principles and ingredients, out of which it is composed—we were just going to compare it with a custard

pudding, but it hath bitters in it; and your custard pudding hath—saving your reverence, reader, and bolting the door against all offence—your custard pudding hath nothing but sweets in its constitution, that is, the honey and sugar of it; and, if we compare a sweet thing to a bitter one, some may venture so far as to say that one reason why they are not alike is because they are different—yes, some may venture so far as that, in these bold and daring times. The present history, reader, will not flow so much out of Mr. Decastro's house—this simile of a purling stream is vastly pretty—as it will issue, rill, and run, and purl, out of the family of an old friend of him, the said Mr. Decastro, namely, Master Smith and Mrs. Smith, his wife, an it please the majesty of the petticoat; yea, and Rosa Smith, a thing he had, and

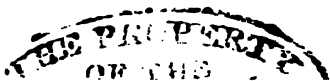
called it his daughter, for lack of a better name. Yes—to mortise in the matter, and that little particle of speech, viz. “yes,” is a very good tenon—Mr. and Mrs. Smith were old friends of Mr. Decastro’s family, and nearly related to Mr. Grove, of Hindermark, another friend upon record of Mr. Decastro : well, now Mr. Smith and his wife lived at a vast distance from Mr. Decastro, in the village of Blank, in the gay county of Blank, it might be one hundred miles or more. But Mr. and Mrs. Smith sat upon two needles, bad sort of cushions for a lady and gentleman to bottom themselves upon, as will be seen : but their daughter Rosa did not live with them because she lived with somebody else, namely, her rich aunt ; and sat upon swansdown in a fine house. Her aunt sent her to the very best school she

could find in the town of London, near Middlesex, where certain learned folks went to work with her, and made her a fine lady; well, very well, and nature made her a fine girl; and when a fine girl and a fine lady come together it is pity of the gentlemen's hearts, as will be seen: add to which there was the heel of an old stocking, with some money in it, laid up in lavender for Rosa; and it had four thousand acres of land, yes, and two great houses in it: there was a heel of a stocking for you, reader, and the said stocking belonged to Rosa's aunt, the Lady Alicia Grove.—Well, but why do you blot out the names of Mr. Smith's county and village? Why, reader, for the samereason some folks blot out their windows in these enlightened times, that we may not be made to pay more than we can well afford for

being somewhat too open in certain matters, and letting in more light than may make for our interest: this is what your learned Company of Stationers call your "*verbum sat*," the which, being interpreted, is, "*Don't let out the cat*:" there is one in the bag, reader, aye, and as fine a cat as Whittington, Lord Mayor of London, could put into a bag for his heart. The scenes of this, our history, will lie in sundry parts of England; and all speak true at the same time: the last will fall at Oaken Grove; or, rather in its neighbourhood, at a noble mansion called Spade-oak, the seat, as long as she sat in it, of Lady Alicia Grove. But if we give you too much beforehand, reader, we shall spoil your appetite; we have, therefore, just dipped you in the stream of our history—Lord! what a sweet pretty thing a pun is—we

have just dipped you in the stream of our history, to serve you for a *whetter*. A very sensible old gentleman, and one who had seen a great deal of the world through a pair of spectacles, once told us, that water was no dry thing : he wore a red waistcoat, and therefore could not be mistaken—Water, said he, is no dry thing, for a man may gallop through a great river, and not make the dust fly once in forty times.—No, reader, we must not give you too much before dinner ; it will pall instead of whet your stomach. A few words more, for all that, by way of a dinner pill, which sometimes, in some cases, breeds a quarrel between a man's appetite and his digestion—and then comes another pill, after all, to read the riot act—but we are treading on dangerous ground.—Now, Heaven be praised ! the readers of the

present day have very lively and combustible imaginations—one spark is enough—O the tinder of the times! Well, but, as we were saying, a few more words. There will come one Thomas Augustus Elsmere into our history, a charming Highland laddie, out of Scotland, who may have a little too much of the pious about him to please the ladies: he tickled Rosa's fancy, however, after a hum and a haw, as will be seen. We have laid out a course of • entertainment for you, reader, and you may, if you please, pass your judgment, with a critical smack, over our dishes, as we set them upon the table. All our old friends will come in at times; and, moreover, over and over, we, Old Comical, who now handle the pen of the writer, will introduce you to our Lady; forasmuch as we have tied a knot with our





tongue, which we can't untie with our teeth, since last we parted, and Madam Funstall, of Dillies Puddle, is the pip that lies in the core of our heart. You will hear OLD CRAB growl, at times, at things, which, although the dogs came into the world before their masters, they could not keep out of it with all their barking, bark as they might: the first dog, however, that met old Adam, wagged his tail at the good gentleman for all that, as the ancient histories inform us. Yes, reader, you will hear Old Crab growl, at times, at the old adder, which some genteel people, who are mighty mealy-mouthed, forsooth, call the devil. —To the tail of this our history, reader, is tied a moral; which, like a tin canister full of pebble stones, tied to the tail of a dog, will make too great a rattle in your ears, not to rattle itself into your notice:

—permit it not to go in at one ear and out at the other; sooner than so, when it is once got in, stop both your ears with mutton fat, pitch, and bees'-wax, to keep it from getting out. At this place the solid gentleman mounted the writing-desk, took the pen out of Old Comical's hand, and, raising his caxon, felt under his wig for his matter, and then wrote as it followeth: viz. The reader will not suspect, we hope, that honest John Mathers, or, as we usually call him, Old Comical, has any the least intention to ridicule any moral passage in the following history. There are two sides of a question: Old Comical used to laugh on the wrong, but now he laughs on the right; and the reason he gives for such his conduct is, that a man can only laugh *heartily* on the right. He was a sad rogue once, he says, but he loved

merriment too well not to become an honest man. There is this moral in what our merry brother historian would insinuate, None can be truly happy but the virtuous and the good: the heart of the bad man is always ill at ease; merriment may play in his features, but his laugh never reaches his heart. The subsequent memoirs of Mr. and Mrs. Smith come as an episode into our history of Mr. Decastro and his friends, of which interpositionary matter there will be more interwoven into our historical web, which we hope to complete before the nightfall and the sunset of our day. Courteous reader, we pray you God-speed and God's blessing. Amen.

## CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

---

### CHAP. I.

- Some Account of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and  
what they said the one to the other . . . . .* 1

### CHAP. II.

- How Mr. and Mrs. Smith went out a visiting,  
and how Mr. Smith translated a bit of Latin  
that puzzled the Parson of the Parish . . . . .* 17

### CHAP. III.

- Mr. and Mrs. Smith's Visits continued . . . . .* 35

### CHAP. IV.

- Further Account of Mr. Smith's Matters, and  
of his Neighbourhood, and what he moreover  
did in it . . . . .* 53

## CHAP. V.

- Further Accounts of Mr. and Mrs. Smith and  
their Neighbourhood* ..... 71

## CHAP. VI.

- Lord and Lady Blowmedown pay the Vicar and  
his Wife a Visit: what became of Mr. and  
Mrs. Smith* ..... 83

## CHAP. VII.

- How folks wiped their Shoes upon Mr. and Mrs.  
Smith: how Mrs. Smith sent her Neighbours  
Invitations to Dinner: Mr. Smith and his  
Wife made a Jest of at a Ball in the Neigh-  
bourhood*..... 105

## CHAP. VIII.

- A Stranger introduced to the Reader; but  
some Account of Mr. Smith's grand Dinner  
cometh first*..... 121

## CHAP. IX.

- Rosa perfumes the Neighbourhood with the  
sweet Odour of her Beauty: Mr. Twinkle, Sir  
Robert's only Son, taken with the smell of it:  
the cruel Usage of Mr. and Mrs. Smith*.... 142

CHAP. X.

*Mr. Twinkle shot dead by Rosa, who, after he  
fell in Love, got up again and wrote her a  
Love-letter* ..... 184

CHAP. XI.

*Some Account of Sir Robert and Lady Twinkle's Ears. Rosa goes to a Ball: is known  
by Lord and Lady Beamystar. Lord  
Beamystar's Reflections on Mr. Smith*..... 201

CHAP. XII.

*An Adventure of Mr. Smith: Rosa makes  
more Conquests: the Earl and Countess of  
Beamystar pay Mr. and Mrs. Smith a Visit* 221

CHAP. XIII.

*Rosa's Fame reaches the Ears of Mr. and Mrs.  
Smith: the Earl and Countess of Beamystar's  
Visit at Mr. Smith's: the Confusion of Mr.  
Smith's Neighbourhood: Rosa creates Dis-  
turbances amongst the married Men* ..... 245

CHAP. XIV.

*How Mr. Smith treated the Offence offered him  
at the Vicarage: how Rosa talked with Mr.  
Twinkle: her Management of young Goose:  
the Story of the rotten Eggs*..... 268

## CHAP. XV.

*The falling off of Mr. Smith's Neighbourhood :  
Rosa incurs the Displeasure of the Trades-  
people and others : she is very much struck,  
and becomes acquainted with a dead Cat :  
Mr. and Mrs. Smith fed with a Mud Shovel* 287

# ELSMERE AND ROSA.

---

## CHAP. I.

*Some Account of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and what they said the one to the other.*

**I**N the gay village of Three Stars, and in the gay county of Five Stars, once upon a time lived Mr. and Mrs. Smith; and he, the said Mr. Smith, squeezed a rent out of a certain estate in land, to the amount of five hundred pounds a year, into a curious vessel held to catch the precious juices, videlicet, his pocket; but it so fell out, that he was the smallest gentleman in the gay village afore-said for all that; and being the smallest man in his village, was one reason why he was not the greatest man in his parish, to which reason many objections



may certainly be made, but it is the best that we can afford to give the reader at present. Money makes men shine like the sun, and if the sun shines without money, the sun is not worth a farthing the more for all that; yes, money makes men shine like the sun, and there were so many suns shining in Mr. Smith's neighbourhood, that Mr. Smith looked like a little bit of candle stuck upon a post in the middle of a fine summer's day when the sun shines, which makes it look very silly, notwithstanding it is stuck upon a post. But if Mr. Smith was outshone one way, he paid matters off in another; for if he was a little bit of candle, when compared with others, in estate, his rich neighbours were little bits of candle, when compared with Mr. Smith, in wit and condition, religion and virtue; but, now we are talking about suns, and shining, we may go on to say, that Mr. Smith was very like the sun in one thing, he shone without making any noise about it: and

further, like the sun, he did not care one penny whether folks saw him shine or not; and therein he differed, in his way of shining, from his neighbours, who made much ado about shining, and were never so well pleased as when other people saw them shine, and had as lieve not shine at all as not to be seen to shine. Not content, however, with all their shining, they bore Mr. Smith a grudge for shining in his own way, though no rival sun of theirs, and could have found it in their hearts to have bit off Mr. Smith's nose, as often as he showed it in his parish: moreover, they set up their backs at him, like a parcel of mountains round a mole-hill, and did their best to overshadow him and hide him, and it was more shame for them. What, if a mole-hill be a pimple upon the face of the earth, or, as it may be better said, but a pimple, a pimple hath his rights—who says me nay? A mountain may swell and look big by the side of a string of little buttons called mole

hills, as long as he behaves himself like a gentleman; we affirm, yea, and set our foot upon it as good ground, that Mr. Smith had a right to his cock's-parade, and Madam Smith, his lady, to convenient room to spread her feathers, in spite of all the proudest poultry in the world! But the gravel in people's shoes was this, Mr. Smith was a good man, and a learned man; yes, this raised the blister, and folks used him ill, as will be shown. But, for as much as we have taken up our pen to do justice to all parties, having been very seriously called upon by Mr. Smith and his family so to do, we must needs say that Mr. Smith owns himself to have had his faults in many matters: he will now, however, have his story fairly told, both in regard to what he has done to others, and others have done to him, and is come to a determination to have all things laid before the public, and appeal to the judgment of all men; and this, in order that truth may be winnowed

from falsehood, and folks may know where to look for the tares and where for the wheat. In regard to ourselves, we shall not in the outset scruple to confess that we are friends to Mr. Smith and his family ; but must beg leave very solemnly to subjoin, that we are, as Mr. Smith and his family wish us to be, greater friends to truth. But of this enough. It is mighty good and very well ; and now, reader, we shall proceed to say, that as Mr. and Mrs. Smith sat drinking their wine one day after dinner, the following talk befel : “ My dear,” said he, “ I hate this place ; folks are very proud in it ; and besides, placed as this county is, so near the metropolis, every thing is very dear in it, and the people very wicked : a man might as well live next door to a volcano as live near London ; its vices boil over and roll in torrents, like lava, into the surrounding counties.” “ People’s vices be upon their own heads,” said Mrs. Smith ; “ I could be content if our neighbours

were not so extremely high and proud ; what is our five hundred pounds a year in such a fine neighbourhood as this is ? We have but one child, it is true, and she has every thing found her by her aunt, whose child indeed she rather is than ours ; but yet, though all her expenses are saved us, what are five hundred pounds per annum in this fine place, where money is as plentiful as dust, and folks have so much shining stuff about them ? Our family and our breeding are, it is true, as good as the best ; but what of that ? What ! why, it had been better for us, Mr. Smith, if we had been bred a step lower, and then these stars might have shone over our heads, and we never troubled our heads about them ; but, as matters are, we are too high for the low, and too low for the high, and are thus hung up on the tenter-hooks between both. We are too well bred to sort with the vulgar, and have too little money to build our house upon higher ground ; we are made for better things,

But better things are not made for us ; our parents have put an unlucky taste into our mouths ; we would fain live upon high dishes with low pockets : it is a sad thing to be the children of two ruined houses, bred in a rich soil, and transplanted into a poor ground !—But yet, Mr. Smith, I think we might do better in some other place ; pray sell your estate here, and buy another elsewhere : a weed in one part of the world grows to be a very rare flower in another ; let us put our matters into vessels, call all our pots and pans about us, and go into another place.” “ My dear,” said Mr. Smith, “ you are always talking about some other place ; let us first see if the fault be not rather in ourselves than in the place : there may be faults in both, certainly, and I think there are ; but, in regard to happiness, it is a thing that is not to be found under the clouds, and we might as well stand still as run about after it : I will not say that none is to be found here, if we look

---

in the right place for it ; and there will always be one reason why we do not find it, if we look in the wrong." " In the right place !" said Mrs Smith ; " and pray where is the right place to look for it ? I am sure we have looked for it here long enough without being able to find it : what happiness is likely to come to us here in such a neighbourhood as this is, pray ? How can we be happy in it, while our neighbours set their dirty shoes on our necks, and tread us down into the mud ? People's ideas of happiness may differ ; you, Mr. Smith, may find a great deal of felicity, perhaps, in being kicked into the kennel : I hate the place, my dear, and, if there were no other way, would be shot out of the mouth of a cannon to get out of it, and end my existence, like a cracker, with a great bounce ! To be serious ; I may have my faults : the face of heaven has its spots and clouds, and I may have my faults that cloud me too ; but yet, Mr. Smith, I do not see how it follows from

this concession that I am to be ill-used, because I am like other folks, unless they envy me upon account of my faults here, and cannot bear it in their hearts to see those faults in others, which they are so fond of as to suckle in their own bosoms. I am willing to allow that they have more faults than I, and may take the precedency ; go first to the—”

“ Hush,” said Mr. Smith, “ hush !—I do not like this neighbourhood I own ; yes, I fairly own that I do not like it, my dear ; but the moving a man’s family from one place to another, so far from mending matters, may make things worse, and have all the plague and trouble of moving, and its expenses too, upon our hands into the bargain. It was not my intention, when I said I disliked this place, to throw the reins so far upon the neck of the phrase as this ; it was not my intention that it should run away with you so far as moving goods and chattels comes to—no—not so far as that, my dear—much less to



selling all here, and buying all in another place : you do not reckon up the difficulties, dangers, expenses, and trouble of all this ; or what lies between the vast straddle of to ' say ' and to ' do ' : let us first try and see if we can bring this place to suit us ; let us try if we can mend the neighbourhood, by some further civilities and kind things : if a little darning will stitch matters together, it were ill husbandry to throw up a good pair of stockings, Mrs. Smith."

" Throw up a good pair of fool's heads ! " quoth she ; " how can we mend this neighbourhood, Mr. Smith ? How can we live in it, and do any thing like other folks in it ? It is full of great people, who have plenty of money, and are very saucy ; and when they meet with us, will walk directly over us, and take no more notice than a camel would do of a couple of rats ! I wonder how you can bear to have folks straddle over us in this manner, Mr. Smith ! " " My dear," said Mr. Smith, " people may

straddle over us, and be beneath us, at the same time ; you have often heard me complain of the pride of this place, certainly ; but you never heard me—”

“ Nay, Mr. Smith, you said just now you hated the place ; if you eat your words take care they do not rise upon your stomach, my dear.” “ Well, my love,” said Mr. Smith, “ I own I did say that I hated the place ; but you take the word in your sense, not in mine ; and when you know what I meant by hating the place, there will not be found quite so much rank poison in the word as you may expect : I hate a sin as I do toadspawn ; it is the seed of the devil ; it makes the place where it lies a loathsome place ; and, if sin be in this place, as I take people’s pride to be in it, I may say, and repeat it, that I hate the place ; and I see no cause or force to eat my words, my dear ; but the flux and stream of my meaning runs this way : it is not well done in us to do what we blame others for doing ; it is proud in us

to call others proud, and exalt ourselves by putting others under our cushions, and sitting down upon their heads ; it is very hard to blame another without being to blame ourselves ; at all events, we cannot put too much justice on our sides—nay—one moment, my dear—don't interrupt me, your tongue shall have its turn—we cannot, I say, get too much justice on our side ; we certainly have good reason, too good reason, I will say, to think we are a little hardly treated by our great neighbours ; but, if they are proud, let us too be too much so to think them proud ; let us put their usage of us to some other score : they are high in the world, and must needs have many engagements in it, and that may be the reason why they cannot come to us when we invite them : knowing themselves to be great folks, they may feel too much tenderness for us to put us to the expense and trouble of entertaining them at our house. But, though I would not varnish their pride,

if they have any, because that is the worst sort of flattery, I would, in charity, still think the best, till the worst be proved ; till the candle be held close enough to a thing to show a thing in too strong a light to leave any doubt of what a thing really is : if we even find pride to be the real cause of our usage here, still, in regard to ourselves, it is the use one makes of things that makes them bad or good things. Pride, itself, may be brought to good account in skilful hands ; but, if neither your hands nor my hands be such hands, and the material puzzles the workman, he had best have done with it, and spend no more time on it ; but let that pass ; let us give our neighbours a fair trial. We will, if you have no very great objection, give them another squeeze : some apples, that make bad cider, give them another pressing, may make good perkin. Let us again press our neighbours to come to our house, and meet each other at dinner."

Mrs. Smith broke in at this place by main force upon Mr. Smith, and said, "The last time we sent our invitations, not a soul came near us ; some said they would come, some they would not come, and some did not send any answer to our notes at all ; and we got a dinner ready big enough for a dozen people, when you and I, my dear, put on our best clothes, and were all the living souls that sat down to a dinner of two courses, with ten dishes in each ! If folks had looked in at a window, I don't know what they would have thought of our stomachs, Mr. Smith !" " Well, my dear," said Mr. Smith, " this was vexatious I own." " Vexatious ! my dear," said she ; " why the deuce can't folks say, just say, whether they will come or not ? Our last dinner was fairly made a hoax upon us ; it is very hard, indeed, if they cannot have a joke without making us pay for it ! I'll see them at the devil, Mr. Smith, before I invite them to dinner again !" " O fie ! Mrs.

Smith," said he, laying his fore-finger all along the side of his nose; "we must not let our sore places fester if a poultice can be had; it is making folks of too much consequence, to be angry about their coming or their not coming, my dear. Pride is a bad thing, certainly; but we ought, at all events, to be above this."

"O Mr. Smith," said she, "their coming or their not coming is a nutshell to me; we had two excuses brought to us after the cloth was taken away! I really don't know what excuse can be made for such monstrous conduct, not I, Mr. Smith: it is amazing to me that people are not ashamed of doing such things!" "Had not you better say," quoth Mr. Smith, "that it were matter of amazement if they were?" "Why, I own," said she, "to look for shame in such folks is to give them credit for more than they are worth; as to take any offence at any thing they can do, would be paying them a compliment

more than their bill comes to." " Well, then, said Mr. Smith, " hold them cheap, until they do something to make themselves dearer ; take no notice of all that is past, accident might have had some share in the matter : to-morrow, if the day is fine, we will take the whiskey and drive round, call once more on every body, and then give our neighbours another invitation to dine with us." At this, Mrs. Smith screwed up her mouth, just as if she had taken a sup of vinegar.

## CHAP. II.

*How Mr. and Mrs. Smith went out a visiting, and how Mr. Smith translated a bit of Latin that puzzled the Parson of the Parish.*

**W**E left Mrs. Smith at the end of the last chapter with her mouth screwed up : our first duty therefore in the beginning of this is to unscrew the same. Mrs. Smith, therefore, in order to it, swallowed her vinegar and spake as followeth : “ My sweet,” said she, which was one sign that the vinegar was all gone down the red-lane ; “ My sweet,” said she, powdering her husband’s ear with fine sugar ; “ sweet,” said she, with a rope of treacle hanging upon the tip of her tongue ; “ My sweet,” said the honey-sweet lady, “ it is mighty good and very well, but I think, my dear, that you are over-doing the thing—I am, nevertheless, all obedience to your will, I am ready to do as



you say ; it will be the means of putting matters beyond the line of all dispute, and bring at once an universal disgrace on all our neighbours." " How so, my dear," said Mr. Smith, " shutting one eye, and looking at Mrs. Smith with the other as if to take aim at her meaning, " How so, my dear ?" quoth he. " Why," said she, " just at present, there may be a little doubt in their favour ; but if, after another call, and another invitation, we still find nothing in return but excuses and neglect, the point will be clear, and it will be quite impossible to visit or invite any more." Mr. Smith's tongue stood upon the cock, and he was just going to pull the trigger, when Mrs. Smith held up her beauteous hand to stop the shot.—" One word," said she, " one little word, and I have done—I will now just state my account, debtor and creditor, with my neighbours, for the last year, and balance my account with them. I have every call, every invitation, and every visit, set down here in my pocket-

book. I will begin with Mr. and Mrs. White-eye: he is the vicar, you know, so I will put the church first.—They are both as proud as peacocks. Mr. and Mrs. White-eye—Mr. and Mrs. White-eye—Mr. and Mrs. White-eye—O, here I have them; fifteen morning visits on our part—not one returned; five invitations to dinner, and ten to tea—not one accepted. Mr. and Mrs. Morer, I beg pardon, I should have said the Honourable Mr. and Mrs. Morer, ten morning calls; one returned as they happened to pass our door in a great thunder-storm, without great coats or umbrellas, in one of their open carriages; five invitations to dinner, and seven to tea and cards—not one accepted: N.B. We had dined five times, and drank tea and supped six at their house. Mr. and Mrs. Preston, nine morning visits, only one returned. N. B. Mr. and Mrs. Preston attacked by the butcher's bull-dog, when they ran into our house for shelter, and called it a visit: we dined four times at their house,

and they ~~refused~~ seven invitations to ours. Sir Philip and Lady Mildinall; their door visited by us fourteen times: N.B. No civility paid to our door in return, which was very hard upon it; three invitations to dine with us, not only not accepted, but not taken any notice of: N.B. Prepared three dinners for them, and left to eat them all up ourselves. Sir Robert and Lady Twinkle, fifteen morning visits, two received; one when Lady Twinkle was taken with the colic and came in for a little anise-seed-water: nine invitations to dinner, one accepted by them, when Sir Robert got his Latin deed translated by my husband, putting thereby five hundred pounds per annum to his income; two not noticed, five refused, one honoured two hours after dinner was sent out: N.B. House thrown bottom upwards, odds and ends, and bits of things put upon the table for their dinner, and little Tim the foot-boy tumbled with a dish of veal cutlets into her Ladyship's lap, and the gravy

ran through her petticoats, down her silk stockings, and into her shoes. Mr. and Mrs. Goose, twenty morning visits; one only returned, when Mr. Goose's horse started and threw him through the window into the little parlour at my feet on the carpet much cut with the glass; for which visit we were obliged to Nimrod, his grey hunter, who stopt at our house to start on a full trot: Mrs. Goose, who was informed of the accident, came, in great haste, to see if Mr. Goose was killed; and when she found him alive and under the hands of a skilful surgeon, was much out of humour and greatly disappointed: she congratulated herself on the accident, however, 'as it gave her the pleasure of making me a visit,' she said: N. B. We dined three times with them, and they refused seventeen invitations to dine with us: one moment—I have missed a nota bene, here, at the foot of Sir Robert and Lady Twinkle's account: in the course of the year, I see, we dined five times at their house;

the last time, indeed, we dined with the house-keeper; they went out themselves to dinner and forgot us. Mr. and Mrs. Kay—" "I think, my dear," said Mr. Smith, interrupting her, which he would have done several times, if Mrs. Smith had not clapt her hand on his mouth and stopt it up; "I think, my dear," said he, "you put your pocket-book to a very ill-use, and make memorandums of things that were best forgotten; your statement, however, I must needs confess, is pretty accurate—but be matters as they are, and take some advice from me: this, you know, is new-year's day; we will begin the new year in a handsome manner, forget and forgive all that is past, and let me burn the memorandum-book." "I have some matters in it I should be glad to save, let me take them out." Upon which she took a few Bank notes out of the slips, and, giving the book to her husband, he threw it into the fire.

The next morning after this talk, the

sun rose, (a thing which happens, sometimes, in a morning,) and shone without a cloud in its way; which is a thing that does not always happen in a morning: are not these truths?—It is mighty good and very well, yea, it is exceeding well, reader, very exceeding well; but let it pass. Mr. and Mrs. Smith got up early, took their breakfast, and little Tim, Mr. Smith's footboy, who tumbled into a certain great lady's lap, with a dish of veal cutlets swimming in gravy; little Tim, as aforesaid, brought Mr. Smith's whiskey to the door, upon which Mr. Smith handed up his wife, and, mounting the vehicle himself thereafter, gave Diamond, who stood ready with all his muscles prepared for motion, gave Diamond, the whiskey horse, a touch with his whip, and off trotted Diamond with Mr. and Mrs. Smith and the buggy, and took his tail, as it was fit, meet, and right he should, along with him. Now it came to pass—the Emperor of Russia passes sometimes; but let that pass. Now it came to pass—

a fool's head passes sometimes ; but let that pass. Now it came to pass, it came to pass, as we were a-saying, that, forasmuch as no other gentleman in the neighbourhood rode out a visiting in a thing called a buggy, that the fine folks in the neighbourhood gave Mr. Smith the name of Buggy Smith, having him the said Mr. Smith, our good and worthy friend, in derision : unlucky folks ! more shame for them ! Well, to catch our story by the tail, and stick close to the rump of our matter, which is a sweet and delicate phrase for following our subject—the first house Mr. and Mrs. Smith came to was Mr. Preston's fine seat, which, like a nut built of stone, protected the maggots that nestled within, three in all, videlicet, Mr. and Mrs. and the young Esquire Preston ; an egregious youth in whom the features and virtues of his papa and mamma were tied up together like a variety of sweet pretty flowerets in one nosegay ! there is a simile for you, reader ! The clock struck one,

more or less, when Mr. Smith drove his buggy slap-dash up to Mr. Preston's door, which said nothing to Mr. or Mrs. Smith, and for this reason, viz. because it is not the custom for doors to speak to people that come a visiting: doors get many hard knocks, it is true; but they never say one word about the matter for all that, which gives fine lessons of patience to man! so, reader, you see what may be learned at people's doors; you may knock at them until their backs rattle again, without hearing one in ten swear a single oath, or return the blow! yes, fine lessons these, reader! very fine lessons! When Mr. Smith, as we were a saying, to pick up the train of our story, when Mr. Smith and his ring-dove, that is to say his wife, so called, because she was very gentle and wore a ring; when Mr. and Mrs. Smith drove their buggy slap-dash up to Mr. Preston's door; he, the said Mr. Smith, hitched the handle of the bell in his whip, and gave it such a pull, that it



made noise enough to call the whole parish to church! Mr. and Mrs. Preston and their company were at their breakfast, when one ran to a window, and said, "Here is Buggy Smith!" Presently the footman came into the room; how he got in was best known to the door; and, casting an eye into his master's face, said, "Sir, here are Mr. and Mrs. Smith." Upon which Mr. Preston, tucking a bit of toast and butter into one corner of his mouth to clear the course for his tongue to run, said to the footman, "Go and ask them what they want here." This made all present, a dozen folks at least, very merry; and it came to pass that there was a very loud laugh: the servant, taking Mr. Preston's orders in jest, stood his ground and laughed with the rest, as loud as he dared. "Why dont you go, sir, and deliver my message?" said Mr. Preston to the servant; "I don't pay you forty guineas a year to stand grinning there!" Upon which the man, scarcely thinking

his master serious, and judging it better to tell a great lie than say a rude thing, which was very well bred in him, went to the door and told Mr. and Mrs. Smith that the family was not risen : Mr. Smith gave cards to the servant for all that, and proceeded in a good round trot to the house of Mr. Morer ; a footman answered at a rap that his master and mistress were not at home, and that notwithstanding Mr. and Mrs. Smith saw them both walking in the garden at the same time ! Ghosts, however, are such very common things, now-a-days, that Mr. and Mrs. Smith took what they saw for apparitions ; left cards, and drove away to the elegant mansion of Sir Philip and Lady Mildenall. The time to receive morning visits now being fully come, the house of Sir Philip Mildenall opened its throat, and swallowed Mr. and Mrs. Smith at a mouthful !—that is to say, in vulgar tones, they were admitted and received by Sir Philip and his lady, with much grace and politeness.

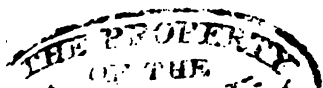
The talk was as follows: "Really, Mrs. Smith," said her Ladyship, "I am quite ashamed to see you, I am so much in your debt in regard to visits! Indeed, I lament extremely the not having had it at all in my power to call upon you, but we have been so excessively engaged of late—so excessively engaged—" "Madam," said Mrs. Smith, "to acknowledge the debt is to do me too much honour; and I am sure you have too much regard for me, to pay me what you owe; for to make me proud would be to do me too much mischief!" "Really, Mrs. Smith," said her Ladyship, "I beg ten thousand pardons; but for people, engaged as we always are, it is not in human nature to avoid getting into some dilemmas. You have not, nor can you have, a guess at what happened the week before last; we actually promised to dine at two places in one and the very same day! Sir Philip and I have really the worst memories of any two creatures living!" saying which, her Ladyship fell into a fit of laughter

that held her for several minutes. Having recovered breath and strength to proceed ; " Well, Madam," continued her Ladyship, " on our way to Mr. Preston's house, it came into my giddy head, all on a sudden, that Sir Philip and I were engaged that very day to dine with you ! yes, with you !" at this her Ladyship felt into another laugh : " Now really," resumed her Ladyship, " now really, my dear Mrs. Smith, you are the only people in the universe whom we could have served thus, and have been forgiven. Sir Philip, said I, how extremely fortunate we are that this rude thing should have fallen on such lucky ground ; at all events, we are sure to be treated with humanity at the hands of such very kind folks as Mr. and Mrs. Smith : but I solemnly protest, my dear Madam, that Sir Philip and I will make you and Mr. Smith ample amends, and put off every living soul to come to you." During this talk between her Ladyship and Mrs. Smith, Mr. Smith was engaged in explaining a

the Bench, put the party off till our next meeting, two or three had the impudence to leave the room with a laugh! one of them, a young Oxonian, went so far as to make use of the following words, "*Asini ad lyram!*" Some said they were Hebrew words, some said they were Greek, and others, that they were Latin; it was my opinion however, and Mr. White-eye the vicar's, that they were High Dutch: the cursed sneer with which the young rascal spoke them cut us all to our souls! You are a great scholar, Mr. Smith; will you just have the goodness to interpret them?" "The words are Latin words, Sir," said Mr. Smith; "but I must beg for your excuse, Sir Philip, if I refuse to construe the sentence." "You will do me an infinite favour, Mr. Smith," said Sir Philip, "if you will do us the honour to give me the sentence in English; we applied to our vicar, but he could make nothing out of the words, though he tumbled over a great dictionary for an hour to-

gether." Mr. Smith could scarcely refrain from laughter; good manners, however, kept his countenance, and, upon further instance of Sir Philip, making an apology by way of preface, he told the Baronet that the words might thus be rendered into English, viz. "*These fellows know as much of law as an ass knows of a harpsichord!*"

Sir Philip stamped upon the floor with one foot and then with the other, and thereafter swore a great oath. He had, however, the politeness to thank Mr. Smith for explaining to him the very exalted idea which the young Oxonian entertained of the sense and learning of the worshipful the justices of the peace for the county of Five Stars, and went on to say that they must positively have Mr. Smith upon the Bench. Mr. Smith said, "That if there were any very great want of hands, he was very willing to come forward and do his duty in the best manner he could in such an office; but in the midst of such a glorious blaze of



learning and intellect, there was no sort of need of any additional light from him to direct folks on their way to justice in the county, and begged to suggest by way of caveat, against evil interpretations, that a man might be a very good justice of the peace without understanding Latin or an act of parliament." Here ends this visit,—and the chapter too.

## CHAP. III.

*Mr. and Mrs. Smith's Visits continued.*

**SEE!** see! look! look! there! there! O fie! Mrs. Smith, how you showed your leg getting into the buggy! They are off again, reader, like the wind, or, if you please, like smoke; yes, if you please, reader, because if you do not please, Mr. and Mrs. Smith are not at all like wind or smoke—a pair of similes which shall be unbuttoned and pulled off, and sent to the tailor's to be mended. Now it came to pass that old Diamond, the buggy horse, trotted away like *any thing*—there is no such simile as that in all Homer's *Paradise Lost* or Milton's *Iliad* put together—to show our great reading—O Lord! no—trotted away so fast that he left his tail behind him—what a sight it would have been if his tail had out-trotted him! or if folks had

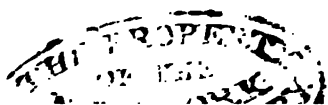


Smith are not ill-bred people, nor are they ill-related, though they are poor." "Is this the great scholar whom we were talking of just now, Sir Robert?" said one present. "This is the very man," said Sir Robert. "His book is a very witty one," said the gentleman; "I should like to see the author of it." "O, it is a horrid thing," said Lady 'Twinkle; "it is a shocking satire on us in high life." "Well, my lady," said Sir Robert, "we have at least the honour to be thought worth a charge of shot; it is something to be put into print; and although an author takes the liberty of the press to call one a scoundrel, it were worse if a writer deemed one beneath his notice, and called us nothing at all. I felt a little stung, I confess, when I read Smith's book, for, I am sure, my name being 'Twinkle, Sir Robert Star is I myself I; but I am certain I am thought to be a man of very great consequence, because he has taken so much pains to give me a bastinado of a very

superior order, which I take to be a matter of no small consideration." "You and I differ," said Lady Twinkle, "in our taste for compliments, Sir Robert; I cannot at all agree with you that the more bones one has broken the better." "Nay, my lady," said Sir Robert with a sneer, "to be told of one's faults you know, and get them corrected, is no mean matter; though I should be glad of an opportunity to give any impudent rascal a sound horse-whipping that told me of mine, if it was but to return the compliment and correct him for his out of mere gratitude and generosity: but I may have made a mistake, and, instead of being angry with Mr. Smith, I ought to be angry with Sir Robert Twinkle, Baronet." "O," said her Ladyship, "you may be a mighty fine philosopher, Sir Robert; but I cannot so soon forgive what he says of me in Lady Shinaway." "Can you forgive yourself," said Sir Robert, "for deserving what he says? If you

can, the least you can do is to forgive Smith for blaming what your Ladyship's conscience can get rid of on such easy terms." "Conscience," said her Ladyship, "is little else than a stitch in the side, and may at last be nothing but a little wind; I, for my part, never found it stand its ground against the second glass of cinnamon-water! So well as the parsons love a drop of the right sort, I wonder they will preach it up, for my part, for I never went to church in my life but as soon as I got out of it I was sure to want something good to drive the sermon out of my stomach." "I don't like to hear the parsons, as your Ladyship calls them, sneered at," said Sir Robert with a sneer; "I am far enough, I own, from being a saint myself; I nevertheless feel vast respect and reverence for all such as are." Her Ladyship naming some clergyman who did no great honour to the cloth, Sir Robert said, "It were no more an argument against religion that some parsons dis-

graced the church, than it would be against the profession of a soldier that some cowards ran away on the day of battle." Upon this Sir Robert rung his bell, after keeping poor Mr. and Mrs. Smith some time in a storm of snow at his door; a servant coming, "*You rascal!*" said Sir Robert, in a great passion, "why is not my door better attended? Mr. and Mrs. Smith have been there this half hour; you don't care who stands out of doors in the snow while you are roasting your bacon at the kitchen fire!" "I beg your pardon, Sir," said the butler, who happened to answer the bell, "but I really did not know that any body was at the door." "Have you no ears, Sir?" said Sir Robert, "did not you hear the bell at the shrubbery-gate which stands under your pantry window?" "Yes, Sir," said the man, "I certainly did hear the bell, and the knocking at the door, and asked Thomas and William who was come; and they answered me with a laugh, that the wind made all the



noise." "Whose turn was it to attend the door?" said Sir Robert. "It was William's turn to open the door, Sir Robert," said the butler. "Send him to me this moment!" said the Baronet, and, "this moment," said the butler. Upon William coming into the room, "You scoundrel!" said Sir Robert, "tell me this moment who is at the door?" "I beg your pardon, Sir," said William, "I was coming this very instant to say that Mr. and Mrs. Smith were there." "This very instant, you rascal!" said Sir Robert, "why they have been standing at the door this half hour in the snow; can you keep people waiting there in such dreadful weather as this is, while you are burning your legs at the kitchen fire?" "I beg your pardon, Sir," said Mr. William, "but I met with an accident; as I was running in great haste to announce Mr. and Mrs. Smith, I tumbled over one of the house-maids, who had a pail of water in her hand, and was forced to change my clothes, Sir." "Why, you

•

villain ! you told Gibbins, that the wind made the noise at the door." " I am sorry, sir," said Mr. William, " that the butler should repeat in your hearing any light thing that is said by the servants ; but Mr. Gibbins wants to get a relation of his into my place" " You chattering rascal !" said Sir Robert, " go, this moment, and show Mr. and Mrs. Smith into the room ;" after he had kept them at his door until they were covered with snow, while he was scolding his servants for doing the very same thing !

Now if Mr. and Mrs. Smith had come in a coach, the severity of the weather would have fallen with all its violence upon the servants only, who are paid on purpose to be frozen to death, and can have no reason to complain of the weather ; but as they unluckily sat in an open buggy at the mercy of the elements, when they came into the room their teeth chattered in their heads, and their lips were so frozen, that they could scarce speak to be understood. As soon

as they entered the room, Sir Robert and Lady Twinkle poured out an abundance of apologies for their stay at the door, and laid all the blame on the servants, who, not having any faults of their own to answer for, it is but right should come in for all their masters and mistresses have to spare.

This visit was put an end to a little unexpectedly, upon the following occasion ; viz. Mrs. Smith had not been in the room long, before she fainted away from the effects of the cold ; when Lady Twinkle ran out of the room in great terror, and left others to take care of the poor lady. Mrs. Smith was now consigned to the care of the house-keeper, a good kind of person, who sometimes keeps a little apothecary's shop in great houses ; and, although she cannot bring folks to life again, after they have been dead a month, as an apothecary can do, she can show a great deal of medical skill in a fainting fit, the shooting of a corn, or a case of

the colic. The housekeeper, a woman of great compassion, took much care of Mrs. Smith by mistake ; one of the servants, in fun, having called Mrs. Smith " My lady ;" which jest, the housekeeper, new come in the family, took in earnest, until better taught by Mrs. Smith ; who—Lord, what a fine thing a title is !—who was now, by all the kindness the housekeeper could show, sufficiently recovered to be put into the buggy, after Mr. Smith had scooped the snow out of it with his hat ; for poor Diamond and the buggy had been left to shift for themselves at the door. Aye, and the poor animal was glad to hear the smack of the whip ; off he went—like—but the weather is too cold to stand making of similes—off he went, and soon got into a comfortable stable, and brought Mr. and Mrs. Smith to a warm fire-side. A warm fire-side ! We suppose every fire-side must be a warm fire-side ; you put in a difference, as if some fire-sides were not warm. Good



heavens! reader, cannot a man tell the truth, without getting such a fuss about it? If we had called a fire-side a cold place, some would have said, in the very face of truth, that fire was not a cold thing! nay, would have stood it out, that fires were hot, which would be going great lengths for the sake of contradiction! What a world it is for an author to please! But, to wind off the skain of our history (we must expect to get into a tangle now and then, and have a knot to untie)—but, to straddle over the parenthesis—the devil take the metaphors, how they crowd upon a man! —but, to wind off the skain of our history, as we, with great beauty, began the sentence—Mr. and Mrs. Smith sat down by a warm fire-side; where we will leave them, reader, if you please, to look at the rosy cinders, and find dead men's faces in the fire; and have a little talk together about these good folks, how they came into the world, and who sent for them: so, bow down

thine ear, reader, and you shall hear, how Mr. and Mrs. Smith were the children of rich folks, had been put to the best schools, where their minds had been carefully weeded, well manured, and the best seeds sown in the soil that could be bought for money. Mr. Smith's father was a Cumberland man ; not that he was very fat and heavy, we hate a pun, no ; but he was a Cumberland man for all that ; and his estates, on one of which he had a fine old house, lay in the neighbourhood of an old friend of ours, reader, named Mr. Decastro. But, taking it into his head—it was a way he had—to spend two-pence when he received but a penny, one Lady Alicia Grove, a near relation of the Hindermark family of that name, who had put by a small sum of money in the heel of an old stocking—one Lady Alicia Grove, hearing that Mr. Smith must sell, said she would buy, and met Mr. Smith one day, with her stocking in her hand, and bought all Mr. Smith was

worth in the north, and came down with a thundering sum of money upon the nail; whereupon old Smith paid all his debts and died. He might have died before he had paid his debts; but his creditors would not let him go out of the world until he had paid his shot in it; so, as soon as they had sucked the egg, they said the devil might take the shell. What family did he leave? Not a soul, reader, save and except poor Mr. Smith, whom we just this moment left roasting himself and Mrs. Smith at his warm fire-side, who would not have had three-pence to have bought him a faggot, had not a good friend come in in the Godspeed, and got the little estate in the county of Five Stars entailed upon him in good time. Well, and who was this friend who came in in the Godspeed? Why, reader, it was our old friend Mr. Decastro's brother, good Master Bartholomew, commonly called OLD CRAB, whose history we have published to the world; and if you have

not read it, reader, the very best thing that you can do will be to go and buy it and read it out of hand. Well, and so, as we were a-saying, old Smith paid his debts, and died ; and his son, who was at Oxford at that time, ran home to see how matters were, and found Lady Alicia the mistress where he expected to be master : now, be it further said, that the said Lady Alicia Grove was Mr. Smith's aunt ; but how that matter came to pass is nothing to you, reader.

It is mighty good and very well : " What brought you here, you young rascal ? " quoth Old Crab, whose politeness and fine breeding never left him on any occasion ; and the reason was because he never had any—" what brought you here, you young rascal ? " quoth Old Crab. " I am come to see," said Mr. Smith, " if my father hath left me a bit of bread." Upon which Old Crab told him what he had done for him, while there was a loaf in the cupboard ; and Mr. Smith set off for the county of Five

Stars, and took possession of his bit of gingerbread. Had Mr. Smith any mother? Any mother! No, reader; yes, we tell a story, he had a mother; but she died before Mr. Smith saw the light. She was pushed down stairs, and broke her neck, one evening; and Mr. Smith, without being asked any questions, was born at a masquerade; so he came into the world and looked as if he could not help it: and whether he had made any will, or whether he had any pleasure so to do, none troubled their heads to inquire. Was that good breeding in polite societies? But, not to digress, Mr. Smith had taken two degrees, and fallen in love, in the University of Oxford, which last thing, some said, was not University business. Mr. Smith made it his business, however, whether it came under the statutes or not; aye, and more than that, Mr. Smith passed his examination for it, and, amongst other questions in the schools, was asked by Mrs. Smith's father how much land

and money he was like to have? Mr. Smith made answer and said, that as to what money his father had he could not say; but that he stood in reversion to fifteen thousand a year, in the county of Cumberland. Upon which Mrs. Smith's father promised ten thousand pounds down, daughter and all: the daughter came down it is true; but the ten thousand pounds never did come down; and some great astronomers said, who had the best glasses, that the ten thousand pounds stuck in the sky, and were not likely to come down until the sky fell. Mr. Smith was a noble fellow, however; and, although his wife's father went out of the world and took some of his promises along with him; for what's the good of leaving things behind that are likely to be of no use to any body? Yes, Mr. Smith was a noble fellow, and made his promise good with the young lady whose heart he had won, and married her without any pockets; for Mrs. Smith judged it to be waste of just so

much good cloth, to make pockets when she had nothing to put in them. Mrs. Smith had been bred in a good school for all that; her father was a man of fashion, as folks talk, and, running in debt, got his daughter made a fine lady for nothing. But the loss of the fine property in the North lay heavy upon Mr. Smith's mind; he was much attached to the place, where he spent his early days, and never heard its name mentioned without tears. Pray, what was Mrs. Smith's maiden name? What's that to you, reader? We have just said that her father was a man of fashion, a liar, and a cheat, three very fine names; and as to a fourth, it were as good left out of the chapter. Had Mr. and Mrs. Smith any children? That's a nail to be struck with a hammer of gold, reader; yes, they had one, a daughter, named Rosa, of whom we have a world to say; but let this suffice for this chapter.

## CHAP. IV.

*Further Account of Mr. Smith's Matters, and of his Neighbourhood, and what he moreover did in it.*

MR. SMITH took the poker in his hand, and, thrusting it into the heart of the fire, made the coals blaze ; and, looking at his wife, who sat on the opposite side, with her feet lodged upon the fender to keep her toes warm, spake as it followeth : “ My dear,” said he, “ if to-morrow is a fine day we will call upon the rest of our neighbours.” “ If you please, my dear,” said the loving gentlewoman ; “ I will go through any thing to give the neighbourhood what you may deem a fair trial, though I know very well what it is already ; I have whetted my will to a point as sharp as a needle, and am ready to pierce through every obstacle that stands in my way.” “ This is a tailor’s metaphor,



my dear," said Mr. Smith; "we will, nevertheless, set another stitch in the business to-morrow morning." "I expect to be frozen to death," said she, shrugging up one shoulder just as if a plate of ice had been clapt to her blade bone; "however, now I am set upon it, I am determined to make an end of the matter, if the wind blows from the north-east strong enough to split a church steeple, and the snow comes down in flakes as broad as pan-tiles." "My dear," said Mr. Smith, "when man and wife pull both one and the same way, it is such a pull that a team of broad-wheeled waggon horses, pulling with all their might and main another, is but the twitch of a lady's little finger in comparison of it!" "Well, but, my dear," said Mr. Smith, "are you as willing to send invitations after we have paid our visits?" "I have spite enough to do that, too," said she; "trust me again for a pin's head else, Mr. Smith." "Spite! my

dear," said Mr. Smith, "we should do nothing out of spite; if that's your motive you do not pull with me after all. I have a mind to be upon good terms with my neighbours, and do what I can in order to it; and, though I cannot do what they can do, I will do what I can to let them know that they shall be welcome to all that I can do. Spite, my dear, is a motive of a very different spur to what I feel in the matter, I assure you: you had much better stay at home, than visit your neighbours out of spite, Mrs. Smith." The loving lady held forth her hand, to show it was clean, and spake as followeth: "Mr. Smith," quoth she. "What now, my dear?" quoth he. "Is it your will and pleasure that I go a visiting with you to-morrow?" said she. "It is," said he. "Then I'll go," quoth she. "Very well," said he; and there ended the talk for that time.

Now, reader, if you please, we will let Mr. and Mrs. Smith eat their supper,

and go to bed, if they please, and can find their way up stairs, after a warm bason of the right sort of tackle : and we will have a little chat together, if you please, reader, courteous, gentle, and candid reader, upon Mr. and Mrs. Smith's matters.

If Mr. Smith's father did ill, Mrs. Smith's father did quite as badly in the world, though they both came into very good feathers when, sweet chickens, they were first hatched ; yes, very good feathers. Mr. Smith's father came in for fifteen thousand pounds a year, and Mrs. Smith's father for ten.—Lord ! what a power of money !—But, money, like grains of gunpowder, when a spark of the gay world falls into it, goes off with a loud crack, in a moment, and is dissipated, like the gunpowder aforesaid, into air, “ into thin air ! ” Now, Mr. Smith's father, and Mrs. Smith's papa, were sparks of the like sort ; and the moment they touched their fortunes, upon their predecessors' death, blew all

up in an instant! Bounce it went, as soon as they touched the magazine! In an instant! Yes, reader, poetically speaking; but you must take this along with you, reader, that, in the case of Mr. Smith's father, there was just time, before his fortune was blown to rags, for a friend to step in, and lay five hundred pounds a year under a wet blanket, for good Mr. Smith, who was then a little boy, and scarce knew, at that time, whom to thank for his bread and butter; and that good friend, we hope and trust, is an old acquaintance of yours, reader, whose name shines like a star in the firmament of our history: his name was Bartholomew Decastro, often heard by such as have been within the hearing of it; and, perhaps, reader, you will hear more of it presently. This timely provision made for Mr. Smith was one of the wisest things his father ever did, all his foolish things duly saved and excepted; and that because a very great man was wont to say, that a foolish thing

was not a wise one. Now, pr'ythee, reader, could Mr. Smith's father die at a better time than when he had just done a wise thing? Mr. Smith's father got very drunk, and died upon it; and his wife died for joy to get rid of him! Lawk-a-daisy! It quite overcame the poor woman. Now a man with five hundred pounds a year might be said to stand in good shoes, though not very great shoes; no, nor very high shoes:—pretty good leather though, upon the strength of which he walked into a fine gentleman's house, and paid his addresses, though that was more than he owed, to one 'Squire Clack's daughter, member of parliament he, and a notable speaker in the parliament-house; yes, he talked a great deal in the parliament-house; and for this reason, videlicet, because he had nothing to say. It is very good and mighty well; but the gout and rheumatism of it was, that he, the said Esquire Clack ruined himself with contested elections: now Mr.

Smith, having one eye fixed upon Miss Clack, and the other, with much prudence, upon what the wise ones call the "main chance," loved Miss Clack because she was a pretty girl, and did not hate her because she had a good fortune; and that was a wonder, was it not, reader, when money is the root of all evil? O law! well, it came to pass, when Mr. Smith threw himself at Miss Clack's foot, who patted him upon the head, and called him "Good boy!" it came to pass, as we were saying, that the parliament was dissolved, like a beautiful pearl in vinegar, and 'Squire Clack had to fight an old battle all over again; and he died game, though he lost his election, at the old place; for he fought his antagonist, and was shot through the body, after he had spent every shilling in the contest for his old seat. Now Miss Clack's fortune went with the stream, for there was nothing to stem the torrent; and one great objection to Miss Clack was, with great

good luck, removed, namely, her large fortune ; for, being an only child, she lay, like a diamond, set in gold in her father's will. Mr. Smith might have been off, as the black-legs say, when Miss Clack's fortune was off first, and set him a good example : Mr. Smith, however, was not a man of that meal ; he took Miss Clack with an empty purse, though he had paid his addresses to her with full pockets. One word more, reader, before we call Mr. and Mrs. Smith up to go a visiting, though it grows late ; it is to tell you, that Mr. Smith's father sold his family mansion and estate in Cumberland to one Lady Alicia Grove, a rich relation of Mr. Grove of Hindermark in that county, of whom we shall speak again ; suffice it to say at present, she was a near relation of Mr. Smith also, who, upon some account or other, took all the expense of breeding his daughter Rosa upon herself, who resided for the most part with the said Lady Grove, her good

aunt, who was extremely fond of her ; but of these things thus far. Of these things thus far ! Why, don't you remember that you gave us an account of Mr. and Mrs. Smith's parents, and Lady Alicia Grove, in the last chapter ? No, reader, we don't remember one word about it. No ! why, you have been saying the same things all over again ! Very well, reader, that's a great deal better than saying one thing in one chapter and another thing in another ; and swearing that both chapters are true, though they contradict one another at the beard. Well, but don't you mean to scratch out what you have said all over again ? We shall scratch noscratches, reader, though it were to please old Scratch ; rest you contented : and, as for remembering things, an historian would have a fine time of it, if he were forced to remember in one chapter what he had said in another ; so, rest you contented. Well ! but it is now time for Mr. and Mrs. Smith to get up ; we



have this moment heard the cock crow. "My dear," said Mr. to Mrs. Smith, rapping her forehead with his knuckle, to call up her senses that lay fast asleep in it: "My dear," said he "the cocks crow terribly, it must be high time to get up." "High—hoh—hum!" said Mrs. Smith, answering her husband with a long yawn, "the cocks are great fools to get up so soon in such bitter cold weather!" Whereupon the house clock struck nine, and Mr. Smith turned out on one side and Mrs. Smith on the other; for the clock struck Mr. and Mrs. Smith as well as nine, which two, added to nine, made eleven in all; and so they made the best of their way down stairs into the parlour to breakfast. Now it came to pass that at breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Smith said nothing; and when a man's mouth is full of toast and butter there's no room left for his tongue to move. As for Mrs. Smith she was a lady, and, of course, did not want to talk at all; but, as soon as breakfast was

over, Mr. Smith said, Hem! to clear his pipes, and then put the following matter to his wife; and, in putting it, he put it in a genteel, sweet, and civil manner. My dear, if you please, he would say, which falls like a drop of syrup into a lady's ear; and a husband sees the sweetness of it in a lady's eyes, that are suffused with a sort of an oily languor: aye, and it is this sort of your soft pomatum that a lady loves. Mr. Smith oiled Mrs. Smith over with sweet oil, which brings old ladies and old leather to be smooth and supple. "My sweet dear," said Mr. Smith, "sweet sugar, that sweetens my life, now, if you please, we will finish our visits to-day; and, after that is done, we will once more invite all our neighbours to dine with us." "They will send excuses, my dear," said she; "but follow your own head in it, if you please; I know how it will be. I shall have the trouble of getting a great dinner, and you will have the expense of

paying for it; and we may dress, sit down, and eat what we can of it ourselves when we have done: however, I am willing to do my part, which, having no housekeeper, a thing that all my neighbours have, to assist me, is no small trouble; giving out things, and ordering things, and forced to think of every thing; for servants will put one in mind of nothing that is like to add to their trouble. I will do my part, however, Mr. Smith, in spite of every blister, and you shall see what will come of it: if these good folks don't play the same game they have played before, may I never sit down on a soft cushion again as long as I live."

"My dear," said the loving gentleman, "I am much attached to the house and lands which my poor father left me; and, unless I could recover, which is now impossible, Spade-oak, the old family place in the North, I cannot, let what slights and insults come that will, I cannot bring my mind to leave

my inheritance here. One place in the world, and only one, I could find it in my heart to exchange this place for; the old family mansion wherein I was born, and spent my boyish days."—The poor gentleman could get no further, he put his handkerchief to his eyes, and wept. "It is a weakness in you, indeed it is, Mr. Smith," said she, "to be in love with any place wherein you are slighted, insulted, and despised; the pride of this neighbourhood exceeds all bounds. Pride is bad enough in the master or the mistress of a family; but, in this place it taints the whole house! The servants catch this plague of their master and mistress; no respect shown; no hat touched when they pass us: they go by us with a grin, or a whistle; and, if we chance to look behind us, there is a wink in one place, a wry mouth in another, or a tongue put out as long as my arm! We may stand at a door in any weather for half an hour, before we can get in, or an answer; as it hap-

pened no longer ago than yesterday. If we leave our cards they are thrown down in any dirty corner; and if they have the luck to get into the parlour, they come into it so stained, that our names can scarcely be read for filth: how shocking this is! and, what is worse, we have all the dirt to answer for. If we leave a message it is never delivered as we gave it; sometimes not at all: there is not a servant in the place will so much as hold a candle to save one from breaking one's neck: there is not a helper in a stable that will hold our horse, or take care of our chaise, while we pay a visit. But the rotten eggs put under the chaise cushions, while we paid our visit at Mr. Goose's; what d'ye think of that, Mr. Smith? and the perfumery, when we sat down and broke them; what did you think of that? If a note is sent it is left at the butcher's shop for us; and it comes some days after date, in the butcher's tray with the meat, all stained

with dirt, and smeared with blood and grease! If we have the good luck to be admitted any where on a visit, the master and mistress of the house will make it a point to talk to each other rather than to us, though they hate one another worse than vermin; and we may speak nine times out of ten, and the person to whom we speak will speak to another. I was telling Mrs. Kay a story, in the middle of it she made an observation to one who was talking on t'other side the room!—no mortar on earth should ever fasten me into such a neighbourhood, if I were built into a wall ten bricks thick; I would break the cement, and run out of it, if the bricks stuck to my back like pie-crust. One suspected to have put the rotten eggs under our chaise at Mr. Goose's, was turned off, like a scape-goat, I believe, with another's sins on his head!"

"These things are not worth one's notice," said Mr. Smith; "to be stung by them shows, I fear, some pride on

our part: let us beware of taking to ourselves that very devil which vexes our neighbours; my plan is this, let us do the civil part ourselves, and e'en leave it to our neighbours to do the uncivil one. I can see and feel, as well as you can, all the things which you have named, and others, which, if there were not gall enough in the gall bladder, I could add; but yet, let us try to overcome evil with good: we may be mistaken in many things; we may make insults ourselves of some that were never intended as such: to take things for granted to be bad things, which, yet, however, remain to be proved to be bad things, is not charity: let us take folks to be better than they are, until they prove themselves to be worse than we would have them be: if you wish to be revenged on bad people treat them as if they were good, and leave it to their consciences to do you justice: to return good for evil has this sting in it amongst others, it shows people their own weak-

ness; they find that they have not only no power to move you to return an ill thing, but that they give you an opportunity to shine yourself at their expense, and are made a foil to set you off."

"This is vastly fine, Mr. Smith," said she; "but I must crave leave of you to save my good things for my friends, and not waste them upon such as are not so; to encourage bad people by returning good for evil is very fine morality indeed!" "Look you, my dear," said Mr. Smith, "if you return any one evil for evil you only keep him in countenance by following his bad example, and grow to be brother devils with him: even if revenge is your object, you must *oppose* a person to be revenged upon him; but if any do you an ill turn, and you do him another, you do not *oppose* him, for you must do something that is contrary to what another does if you mean to *oppose* him; therefore, to be revenged upon any one for



doing you an ill thing, you must, on your part, do him a good thing, or you work with him, but not against him."

## CHAP. V.

*Further Accounts of Mr. and Mrs. Smith and their  
Neighbourhood.*

WE left Mr. Smith with his best shoes on, or upon good ground, at the end of the last chapter: he was expatiating upon a fine field of ethics, and instructing his wife how to think, speak, and act upon injury and offence: he was paring her nails and drawing her teeth that she might not bite and scratch her neighbours, a kind and tender office, and a sign how much he had their skins at heart. Mrs. Smith, however, watched for the end of a sentence, and drew her tongue upon the courteous gentleman, and attacked him with spirit and emphasis, which is the duty of a wife, when she has to answer her husband, to do. Now it came to pass that some hot water was spilled between them, but Mr. Smith

prudently stepped aside, and all the scalding matter fell to the ground : husbands should imitate Mr. Smith when their wives begin to boil—Mrs. Smith, however, never threw a dish of tea into her husband's face without putting first of all a bit of sugar into it to sweeten it. " Alas my dear," said Mrs. Smith, " you forget that you are talking to me, and not to an angel ; but just be so good as to suit your discourse to cap and petticoats, and accommodate your talk to the frailties of shoes and stockings. The fine things which you are so high in the pulpit upon have little to do with a plain piece of woman's flesh that cannot choose but feel such red-hot coals of fire as are heaped upon our heads by the proud and haughty demeanour of the people that infest our neighbourhood. Go to heaven, Mr. Smith, as soon as you please, and take your fine tongue along with you ; they may understand its music there, I have no ear for such melodies, not I. If a lady gives me a box on the

ear, I must make her a curtesy, and say, 'Thank you, Madam,' must I? What is that metal good for that will not bear the hammer? Ha, Mr. Smith! An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, is sound old doctrine, my dear. "It was very good until we were better taught, my love," said Mr. Smith; "the best way to be revenged on people who use us ill is to set them a good example: to revenge one injury by doing another, is to commit the same crime ourselves which, by condemning in another, we must needs condemn in ourselves: for another doing wrong first will not be any excuse for our doing wrong afterwards, any more than my doing a foolish thing first would make you wise in following my example. Indignities vex us, it is true, and insults provoke us; but as we shall be well paid in another world for beating the flesh and the devil in this, let us put out our strength against ourselves and our ill passions: if we get the better of the day here, the worst of

the battle is over ; what enemies remain after these are conquered are very little worth our notice, my dear."

Mrs. Smith had been whetting her tongue for a sharp reply when the buggy was brought to the door : perhaps it was very lucky for Mrs. Smith that the vehicle came when it did, for she might have stood on the wrong side of the question ; and to stand upon bad ground, some may think, is not to make the very best use of one's legs. " Come, my dear," said Mr. Smith, " the sun shines, and the carriage is ready ;" two things, which Mrs. Smith having very good eyes could not see, or Mr. Smith, being stark blind himself, would not have told her of them ; " Come, my dear," said he, as he said before, " the sun shines, and the carriage is ready ; we will, if you please" —ah! sweet civility to a wife is the sweet spice in the sweet custard of matrimony! custard of matrimony! Yes, reader, how you custard it out! Yes, custard of matrimony! it is one of those bold metaphors

that come from the East : a custard is a sort of a quagmire of cream, spice, and sugar, and therefore, like matrimony, a composition of sweets ; a man with a stout pair of boots, a nag of mettle, and a good pair of spurs, may flounder through the sweet mud of it—" My dear," said Mr. Smith, " the sun shines, and the carriage is at the door ; we will, if you please, make an end of our visits to day." " If you please, my dear," said Mrs. Smith, with a heavenly smile ; showing her teeth without meaning to bite. And the honey of it was, Mr. and Mrs. Smith sat down in the buggy side by side, with sweet good humour, man and wife—flint and steel indeed, but for this time they did not strike fire. (If man and wife are flint and steel, it turns a man's house, or his buggy, into a tinder-box : the rights of the lady and the gentleman are the tinder ; and as for the matches, the lady sometimes brings brimstone enough to make a thousand.)

" My dear," quoth Mr. Smith, running

his nose at a sudden jolt into his wife's ear—the cause of the jolt was a great pig that lay asleep in a rut: Mr. Smith held his way dearer than his neck, or even his wife's neck; he would sooner break both than break way, though it were for a pig—"My dear," quoth Mr. Smith, running his nose, as afore it hath been said, smack into his wife's ear—(that word "smack" don't sound well, slap-dash had been far more majestic)—"My dear," quoth he, the said loving gentleman, "we will, if you please, call first upon Mr. White-eye, the vicar, (who was as much in the pulpit at home as he was at church, and preached longer sermons); we will call first upon Mr. White-eye, the vicar, and his lady, my dear, if you please;" and, upon Mrs. Smith giving her consent with a nod that shook her bonnet—old Jupiter when he nodded, in the Iliad, shook heaven and hell; Mrs Smith's nod was no such great shakes—upon Mrs. Smith giving her consent with a nod, Mr.

Smith gave Diamond the buggy-horse a touch with his whip to try if he could get to Vicar White-eye's gate before Mrs. Smith changed her mind, which, Mr. Smith knew of old, required a pretty round trot : Diamond cocked up his tail, and did the business like a horse well pricked with provender :

——“ *Varium et mutabile semper  
Fœmina.*”

“ A weather-cock, and woman's mind,  
Shifteth, and changeth, like the wind.”

Old Hopkins could not have translated Latin better for his heart!—Hold hard at the Vicar's door, reader ; a word with you while Mr. Smith pulleth the bell. The vicar and his lady were very high folks : What ! a clergyman a proud man, whose very profession enjoins the strictest humility ? We are not a little pleased with your astonishment, reader ; for if such a man were not a rarity, you would not be astonished at all about the matter :



the vicar and his lady were very high folks, and as such, we think, we cannot do the church better service than by exposing and condemning a bad servant, who presumes to wear so good a livery. It is just so much good cloth thrown away. You may turn your back upon us, Mr. White-eye, if you please, and you cannot do a better thing when you deserve the cat-o'-nine-tails: it is something to be thought worth correcting; we are willing to do you a good turn though we make you smart for it. You may be related to great folks, but that is no reason why they should do you a mischief; for if they make you and your wife proud, they cannot do you any good. A clergyman can have no excuse for being a proud man, for he reads over his own duty, as well as that of others, every Sunday, unless he has the neglect of his church to plead for his excuse: come forward, Mr. Vicar, and let us hear what you have to say for yourself. While Mr. and Mrs. Smith

stood at his gate, the Vicar and his lady talked together as follows :

VICAR.—“ Ring the bell, my dear, and order a fire to be made in the drawing-room. I expect my uncle and aunt Lord and Lady Blowmedown will come this morning ; I met his Lordship yesterday, and he made excuses for not having called on us, and said they would call to day.”

WIFE.—“ We have called two or three times at the Lodge ; I think it is high time they came to us ; we generally pay them three visits for one.”

VICAR.—“ Very well, suppose we do, what if it were six visits for one, if we can get them to come here sometimes, and have the reputation of living upon an intimate footing with them ?

WIFE.—“ I know the value of their acquaintance, Mr. White-eye, but am a little above paying more for any thing than the worth of it.”

VICAR.—“ Come, to put a case ; suppose the Earl or Countess of Blowme-

down were to *give* a large party in the neighbourhood, would not you sooner pay ten visits for one than be left out of it? I would, I assure you: or, suppose Buggy Smith and his wife, to put another, suppose Buggy Smith and his wife were invited and we left out; or, to put a third, Buggy Smith and his wife and we were to be left out together? only think of that, Mrs. White-eye!"

WIFE.—“To pay dear for a thing, or not have a thing, that is the question: out of two evils the least is to be chosen, I will grant you; but still the least evil is an evil after all, and as such no very pleasant matter, Sir.”

• VICAR.—“Our great connexions considered, I think, we submit a little too much to the neighbourhood, Mrs. White-eye. What is Morer? His great grandfather was a tallow-chandler. What is Preston? His grandmother married a tin-canistermaker! their house-keeper's room used to be the counting-house: these things put them beneath us; Preston and

Morer, however, are certainly gentlemen, and live in a great way."

WIFE.—"Yes, but I cannot say much for some of their acquaintance; don't we sometimes meet Buggy Smith and his wife there?"

VICAR.—"I hate that fellow! He is certainly a gentleman, however, and his family no bad one—nothing, that I know of, was ever known to be behind the counter in it; or, to say the truth, in hers—I detest them notwithstanding—they live in a dirty way; I wish the neighbourhood would drop them."

WIFE.—"Behind the counter in it!—That haughty toss does you very little credit, Sir: the kingdom itself, then, is a very dirty one, and I am surprised that your Highness will be seen to live in it; for there is certainly much behind the counter in it, though you may go into the next shop, and find more credit and respectability than all your pride is worth put together."

VICAR.—"Well, well, you need not

bite my nose off because your great uncle married a cheesemonger's niece, Mrs. White-eye; the thing is not known here, and it is no matter for the blot if nobody makes the hit:—however, I should have relished cheese a great deal better if it did not rise a little upon my stomach on this occasion—I beg to make my excuses.”

WIFE.—“ Well, Sir, be Mr. and Mrs. Smith what they may, we must be civil to them if others are; by others, I mean people of figure in the place, they give the stamp of currency to—”

VICAR.—“ O, I hate metaphors—it is Smith's manner of talking, and that sounds very much like one of his.”

WIFE.—“ It happens to be one of his—his conversation, however, is very much admired, and, to give him his due, I own, I think it is at times very brilliant: he compared a diamond necklace I wore to a string of stars in the milky-way.”

VICAR.—“ I really must quarrel with you, Mrs. White-eye, if you say any

thing in this fellow's praise : we should have carried an inclosure of the parish, and I should have got a snug glebe farm in the place of these nasty small tithes, if Smith had not opposed it, who happens to have more land in the common fields than any body, and can, of course, overrule an inclosure whenever he will."

WIFE.—" Well, folks are to consult what makes most for their own interest in things ; we cannot blame Smith, or any body, for that : be that as it may, however, your neglect of Mr. Smith, to call the thing by no worse a name, is not the best means to get his vote for an inclosure : I think, I could be civil to the devil himself if my own interest lay that way ; what signifies the matter to whom or to what one is civil if one can get any thing in a bargain ? "

Servant comes in.—" Mr. and Mrs. Buggy Smith are at the door, sir,"

VICAR.—" Whom do you mean by Mr. and Mrs. Buggy Smith, sirrah ? "

SERVANT.—" I beg your pardon, Sir,

if I have said any thing that is wrong ; I am new in this place, and don't know people's names in it ; the servants said when they saw him at the door, it was Mr. Buggy Smith, Sir."

VICAR.—" It is no matter—show them into the drawing-room : if any filth sticks to a man's acquaintance, he must needs get a touch of it : I should not be best pleased to have old Satan himself call, and leave his card at my house, if all the neighbourhood did not receive him upon a respectable footing : come, Mrs. White-eye, will you pay your respects to Mrs. Smith ? "

WIFE.—" She is a nasty woman ! she pickles cucumbers and onions, preserves : apricots, cherries, and gooseberries, talks to the butcher about raw meat, and comes to one's door in a buggy ! but perhaps if we are civil to them her husband will change his mind about the inclosure ; I will wait upon her presently."

VICAR.—" Come, come, Mrs. White-

eye, make haste and get the visit over ; if Lord and Lady Blowmedown come and find such people in our house, we shall be thought to be intimate with them."

WIFE.—" They come ! they are not out of their bed. They come ! they are in their first sleep : do you think, Mr. White-eye, Lord and Lady Blowmedown rise with the sun and the rest of their servants ? one would not have Buggy Smith and his wife seen at our door between the hours of three and four o'clock certainly, but at this time they will pass for the fishmonger and his cart come to pay a visit to the cook with cod-fish and oysters."

N. B. The Vicar and his wife did laugh at this place.

VICAR.—" That is vastly droll ; but if they should come by any chance, how shall we excuse having such folks with us ? "

WIFE.—" Why, suppose some tenant and his wife were here ; if his Lordship



call so early in the morning he must not be amazed if he find people on business with us—besides, he could easily see by our address and manner of behaviour to these people what a distance there were between us and them, Mr. White-eye.”

VICAR.—“ Well, he might be thought to be here on business ; but here is his chamber-organ, his wife, what could we say about her ? ”

WIFE.—“ Fiddle faddle ! I will take care to ask her for some nostrums for the house-keeper, her salves for corns, and scalded legs, and broken shins, and take her advice to cram turkeys : leave me to manage his chamber-organ, as you call her.”

Servant comes in again. “ Lord and Lady Blowmedown is at the door, Sir.”

VICAR.—“ *Are* at the door, you dunce ! When shall I teach you to speak English ? If you would listen a little more to my sermons on Sundays, and look less at the maid-servants, you might learn in

time how to speak a sentence in the vulgar tongue without false grammar."

SERVANT.—"False grammar, Sir, indeed I scorn to tell a lie."

VICAR.—"Show the Earl and Countess in here, you blackhead!"

WIFE.—"In here, Mr. White-eye!"

VICAR.—"They must expect to find people at breakfast if they call at such hours."

## CHAP. VI.

*Lord and Lady Blowmedown pay the Vicar and his Wife a Visit : what became of Mr. and Mrs. Smith.*

**T**HIS tittle-tattle between the Vicar and his wife is sad nonsense! This is very fine! If we had introduced a couple of fools and made them talk sense, what would you have said then to us, courteous reader? Moreover, dear reader, if you should look into our work for a fault, and not find what you want, what amends could we make you for such a vexation as that? Nota bene, reader, toss up your nose if you please, you have a right so to do in the land of liberty; a land wherein a man may do what he pleases with his own nose, and his neighbour's, where no battery lies—Nota bene, reader, to take the sentence by the nose; nota bene, reader, if you find ten thousand times ten thousand faults in this

our work, to be angry with us would be using us ill, when every fault is put in on purpose to please your Honour : but we must now beg for your excuse to introduce a great deal of wit, making an apology in time, like the London porters, before they knock you on the head with a bureau or a book-case : “ By your leave, Sir ! ” Enter Lord and Lady Blowmedown—whereupon, reader, thou art to suppose the Earl and Countess pay their addresses to the Vicar and his wife, as the matter followeth the pricking of the pen. What’s the matter ? The matter is as it followeth—The Earl spake thus to the Vicar, whose ear was opened to catch what dropped from his Lordship, a sort of dripping-pan ; and the dripping which dripped from his Lordship into the Vicar’s ear aforesaid was, out of grace, according to the subsequent distillation, viz.

LORD.—“ We have to make ten thousand apologies, Mr. White-eye, for intruding ourselves upon you at so unsea-

sonable an hour ; but we are early folks in the country, Mr. White-eye."

VICAR.—" We are extremely happy to have the honour of seeing your Lordship at any hour—Will you allow us to offer your Lordship any breakfast ? "

LADY.—" Indeed, Mr. White-eye, I am ashamed to say we have breakfasted these two hours ; it is now one o'clock."

MRS. WHITE-EYE.—" Indeed, Madam, we ought to be ashamed to be found at breakfast at such a time—but, to say the truth, we were disturbed by a great crowing of cocks in the night, and, falling asleep after the horrid creatures had done bawling, slept till the noise of the bells, and the clattering of the clowns going to church awakened us :—Mr. White-eye had just time to send a message to Doctor Pudding, to ask him to do his duty this morning—but I must confess I am very much ashamed—"

LADY.—" To confess oneself to be ashamed, Mrs. White-eye, is very often a sad sign one has no shame at all ; peo-

ple that are really ashamed are the first to mend their faults, and the last to make any fuss about it."

MRS. WHITE-EYE.—"But your Ladyship must own, that to confess one's faults is a sign of one's humility, which is a diamond of the very first water in the crown of the true Christian."

LADY.—"To be proud of one's humility is a virtue indeed! One had better be humbled by one's pride, than proud of being humble."

Lord.—"Well, we cannot talk about our faults at a better time than when our good Vicar is present, who can turn them to the best account: and it is very well for him that we have any, or, like Othello's in the play, "our Vicar's occupation's gone!"—If rising late be a fault, however, we may be glad, when it comes to our turn, to have so great a character as the vicar of the parish to bear us out in doing a wrong thing."

VICAR.—"Your Lordship does me very great honour; though I scarce know

how to take your Lordship's compliment for a commendation."

LORD.—" Why, Sir, I own I am so full of faults myself, that I am glad to find a better man than I am as bad in some things as myself; but, to say the truth, my Lady gets the fidgets in the country, and will neither sleep in her bed herself, or let another sleep in it; and this is all the praise I deserve for my early rising."

VICAR.—" In regard to faults, my Lord, I take it that the world and its faults will end at the same time: to mend it, however, I believe the best of us must at times fall in with its humours, for if we put it out of temper it will not even go to heaven if you beg it as a favour."

LADY.—" Why, no; but if we do wrong to please it, we may all go some where else without begging any favour at all."

VICAR.—" There are wrong things, and right things, and things indifferent :

a man has no need to look into the Bible to learn at what hour he shall drink his coffee, or eat his toast and butter; and, indeed, at this moment, I do not recollect one text to the purpose. It is my opinion that he may go to bed and get up at any hour he likes, and still be as good a man in regard to faith and works as ever.—O! Lady Blowmedown! what a beautiful muslin you have here! Is this your present from India?"

LADY.—“O Mr. White-eye, you are a very great judge in these things I know; yes, indeed, this is my Indian present, it is very much admired; but it is your commendation that is worth all the rest put together, and can alone make other people's praises valuable.”

VICAR.—“Your Ladyship does me an infinite deal of honour!—Allow me to take up your gown—what a beauty it is! One really must have a good microscope to see the fabric!”



LADY.—“ You are the greatest judge in the world, Mr. White-eye ! yes, indeed, you are the greatest judge in the world ! ”

LORD.—“ Hey-day ! Mr. Vicar, what are you doing with my wife’s clothes ? ”

VICAR.—“ O, your Lordship was inattentive.—I am admiring her Ladyship’s India muslin.”

LORD.—“ I was engaged, I own—Mrs. White-eye was showing me a thing—”

VICAR.—“ What thing, my lord ? ”

LORD.—“ A noble piece of her own pencil—the most charming thing in the world ! ”

MRS. WHITE-EYE.—“ Your Lordship flatters me, you do indeed ; I cannot deserve the commendations of so great a critic.”

LORD.—“ By heavens, Madam, it is not in any one’s power to flatter you ; for, say what one will in your praise, one must always come short of the truth.”

MRS. WHITE-EYE.—“Indeed, my Lord, this is too much—you will make me extremely proud.”

LORD.—“To be proud of one’s own excellencies is to make pride itself a virtue; for it is one’s duty to admire excellence, find it where one may: if in another, it is generous; if in oneself, it is just; and justice and generosity are certainly virtues.”

MRS. WHITE-EYE.—“But, if people come to be proud, they get haughty and high.”

LORD.—“Well, Madam, and is not heaven high? The higher folks get then the nearer still to heaven; the lower still the nearer to the devil.”

LADY.—“But, do you really buy all your wife’s linen, Mr. White-eye.?”

VICAR.—“Yes, indeed! she thinks me the best judge of the two; she is sure to be cheated if I am not in a shop with her: poor woman! she hardly knows how one thread ought to be laid across another.”

LADY.—“ Well, I vow, Mr. White-eye, you shall go a shopping with me the next time I buy my linen : are you any judge of silks ? ”

VICAR.—“ O yes, I buy all my wife’s silk stockings ; I know the stocking that will fit her the moment I see it : she is very long in the heel, and requires vast width in the smalls, to let her long heels go down into the foot : when she bought her own stockings they were sure to get a ladder in the smalls stretched by her long heels past all endurance of the silk. Now, nothing of this sort has happened ever since I took her legs in hand : a lady, with a short heel, like yours, Madam, is easily fitted ; her heel goes down into the stocking in a moment, without any pulling, haling, or straining.”

LORD.—“ What are you doing with my wife’s leg, Mr. White-eye ? ”

VICAR.—“ We were talking about silk stockings—your lordship was not observing—”

LORD.—“ Why, no—I was much engaged in examining a piece of Mrs. White-eye’s own pencil ; a magic wand, that raises the most beautiful forms whenever she pleases to wave it : Nature would do well to copy her ; by heavens, if she did, she would fill the universe with beauties ! ” His Lordship yawned at this place.

Enough of this !—Good news, reader, we are sick of it ; but as it is a piece of polite conversation we thought you must needs be pleased with it, and the more insipid the more enchanting to your taste : it is very delightful to hear a fine gentleman talk nonsense, and, as in a piece of fine music, no matter for the words of the song, A, B, C, set to music, would answer every purpose ; so, in the conversation of a fine gentleman, his voice and action are enough ; no matter for sense, wit, or meaning. But, perhaps, reader, you have not quite forgot that Mr. and Mrs. Smith were put into another room, and expecting every

moment the entrance of Mr. and Mrs. White-eye? A hint of this sort might have been of use to the Vicar and his lady, who either had forgotten, or else *did not remember*, that Mr. and Mrs. Smith were waiting in anxious expectation, when the room, in which they were, should open its mouth, and—this is very grand language, reader,—should open its mouth and let in Mr. and Mrs. White-eye; but this thing did not happen. Put a large stone in the road, to show how far we have travelled, to keep the place, and take a step back with us: you may remember that the Vicar and his lady had been disturbed in the night with the crowing of cocks; and that Mr. White-eye, being minded to take his sleep out on what happened to be Sunday morning, rang for his servant at an early hour—What troublesome creatures cocks are—rang his bell for his servant at an early hour—(a bell, reader, is a thing invented by one Paulinus, a bishop, in the year four hundred

and eight : folks were so sleepy in those days that they never awoke time enough to go to church—now they are of little use in our churches, for people are always crowding round the church doors some time before the service begins)—and sent him to Dr. Pudding, with an humble petition to him, the said Dr. Pudding, to do his duty for him, read morning service, and put a sermon to it; forasmuch as his, the Vicar's, rest had been broken by cocks, as it is afore-said : now, reader, do you remember where you laid the great stone in our road?—Very well—Dr. Pudding, who could say the service by heart, set spurs to his tongue—take notice of the beauty of that noble metaphor, reader—set spurs to his tongue, and ran through two services that morning, his own, viz. and the Vicar's; but, having funerals, christenings, churchings, and some special-licence weddings, in the posterior of the day, and only one tongue, he gave Mr. White-eye to understand that

he could not serve his church in the evening. Having thus laid matters open, as with the knife of an anatomist—or—in loftier tone, opened a panorama of the business—the church bells, which now began to ring, put folks in mind of the afternoon service: up jumped my Lord, and up jumped my Lady, up jumped the Vicar, and Mrs. White-eye jumped up, which made four jumps in all: the Vicar went to church, and the others set out to pay morning visits.

Now, where's that great stone, reader? All's right. To return to the stone, from whence we digressed; Mr. and Mrs. Smith, left to their meditations in Mr. White-eye's drawing-room, sometimes stood up in it, sometimes walked in it; which, both Mr. and Mrs. Smith—it was very singular in them, wasn't it, reader?—which Mr. and Mrs. Smith—how husband and wife get into one another's ways—which Mr. and Mrs. Smith had a way of doing when they

had a mind to walk : yes, sometimes stood up in it, sometimes sat down in it, sometimes talked in it, and sometimes did not talk in it. Now Mrs. Smith looked out at the window, now Mr. Smith yawned, and, opening his mouth, after he had yawned, said, as it followeth, videlicet : “ High, hoh, hum ! ” yes, Mr. Smith yawned first, and then opened his mouth afterwards, in which thing he, the said Mr. Smith, differed from some who don’t know how to yawn without opening their mouths—Lord ! what ignorance there is in the world ! Mrs. Smith, who was short in her body, got upon a table to take the air, and, having taken it, said as follows, viz : “ Lawk-a-daisy—oh !—well ; ” and now they stirred the fire, notwithstanding they did not quarrel, for to quarrel is one way to stir the fire ; for Mr. and Mrs. Smith made it a rule never to stir the fire in another man’s drawing-room. To proceed—now they looked



into the cupboards, now they counted the spots in the carpet, yes, and they turned the carpet up, to see how it was made on t'other side; some folks risk their lives to look at the other sides of things, as Captain Cook did, when he went to look at the other side of the world; yes, they turned the carpet t'other side upwards—how silly it was in Captain Cook not to stay at home and serve the world so, and then he might have seen all its parts without running any such risks of his life, as that great man did; but, alas, the greatest men, and the greatest geniuses, have their weaknesses;—ah! such is the infirmity of human nature, if a man have the best pair of heels in the universe, alack-a-day, he may not have a head better than a pin! Ah! and then to take the thing by the other end, a man may have a head all on fire with genius, and a pair of heels no better than a cow:—Now we are lost! and no

more know what we were talking about than—adzooks, yes, we do; we were talking about Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who were made to wait three quarters of an hour in Mr. White-eye's drawing-room, cherishing their hearts with the sweet expectation of a fine bow from the Vicar, and an odoriferous curtsy from Mrs. White-eye, when, bitter disappointment! unsavoury neglect! not a soul came near them after all!—Now, reader, all on a sudden; things happen on a sudden sometimes in this world: all on a sudden the church bell rang to call folks to the evening service: it is a bad servant that will not attend when his master's bell rings.—Mr. and Mrs. Smith always came when the bell was rung for them; they always came to both the morning and the evening services, and were not like some pious folks, who keep holy half the sabbath day by coming to church in the morning, and break the other half by neglecting the church

•

in an afternoon : this bell, reader, put Mr. and Mrs. Smith in mind of their duty to their best friend, and they immediately quitted the Vicar's house for a better.

## CHAP. VII.

*How Folks wiped their Shoes upon Mr. and Mrs. Smith ; how Mrs. Smith sent her Neighbours Invitations to Dinner ; Mr. Smith and his Wife made a Jest of at a Ball in the Neighbourhood.*

SOME people may say that it was very uncivil in Mr. and Mrs. White-eye to serve Mr. and Mrs. Smith in the way they are recorded to have done in the text of the last chapter. The best excuse is, they forgot Mr. and Mrs. Smith ; there are other excuses made for them, but we have picked out the best. Now, when people forget things, there is no harm meant, let what mischief will be done ; and it was no wonder that Mr. and Mrs. White-eye should forget Mr. and Mrs. Smith, when others in their neighbourhood walked down Mr. and Mrs. Smith's throats, and not only never saw them, but knew nothing

at all about the matter. Moreover, folks wiped their shoes upon Mr. and Mrs. Smith, which was using them in a very dirty manner. Mr. and Mrs. Smith were also splashed, and spotted, and, add to that, people's servants trundled their mops, dipped in dirty water, in Mr. and Mrs. Smith's faces; some galloped over them, and stood to no repairs; and others drove their wheelbarrows and dung carts against their legs and their shins, and set heavy shoes upon their toes. When Mr. Smith said to a gentleman, "How dy'e do, Sir;" or, as Grace would have it, "God give you a good time o'day," he would throw a dead cat into Mr. Smith's eyes, by way of civil reply, which was very disagreeable to Mr. Smith: and, when Mrs. Smith made a lady a curtsey, she would rump Mrs. Smith, and turn the very worst side she could find towards Mrs. Smith, and that was very uncourteous.

Now, from such offences as these it

came, that Mrs. Smith would, from time to time, round it in her husband's ear to leave the place, and no wonder, when she met with nothing but nuisances in the neighbourhood: suffice it to say, that Mr. and Mrs. Smith had now paid each neighbour a visit, to ask them if they were hungry, and then, having forelaid their ground, according to the custom and manner of the time, sent each an invitation to come to as good a dinner as they could get ready for them. "Now we have paid all our visits," said Mrs. Smith to her husband, "I will, if you please, my dear, send notes of invitation:" "Send your notes, my dear," said Mr. Smith, with his mouth full of sugar; "send your notes, my sweet love." When husband and wife talk together, their mouths are always full of honey, and sugar, and treacle, and other sweet things:—"send your notes, my love," quoth Mr. Smith, looking into his wife's face, with as sweet a smile as if he had cast

his eyes into paradise! The yolk of the egg was this; Mr. Smith had it in heart to overcome the evil of his proud neighbours with good, and was pleased at his wife's voluntary offer to write the notes of invitation to his neighbours. Now it came to pass that Mrs. Smith smiled also, and her smile tickled Mr. Smith's heart, just as if she had touched it with the point of a feather:—every husband knows what it is to have his heart tickled with the point of a feather—O the pleasures of matrimony! Well, and so it came to pass that Mrs. Smith likewise smiled—the smile was full blown on her rosy face; but the canker in the bud of her smile was this:—“*I will write,*” quoth she in her heart, “*for I am sure they will all refuse to come;*” (that was the feather which tickled Mrs. Smith;) “*and upon this refusal I ground my hope that my husband will quit this detested neighbourhood.*”

It is the province of the historian to

open the ground, and let the reader down into the deep and secret mines of outward and visible things; how, for instance, could the reader have guessed at the *punctum saliens* of Mrs. Smith's smile. We beg your pardon, Sir, for changing the metaphor; how could the reader have guessed at the *punctum saliens* of Mrs. Smith's smile, or the seed, or egg, out of which her smile was hatched, if we had not held a candle, and thrown light upon this dark matter? Well, and so, to goad our team forward, Mrs. Smith burnished her countenance with a sun-bright smile, stretched forth her hand, a hand, compared to which, even swans, and snows, and a clean pair of sheets, are black, took a quire of gilded note-paper, and a new pen, and forthwith cast her eyes up to the clouds for inspiration! Very good; and, as luck would have it, the muse, that inspires invitations to dinner, was at that moment sitting upon one that looked like a dining-table, with



a white cloth laid upon it, all ready for the first course; and, being in good humour, and, moreover, full of matter, the muse came down upon the petitioner, videlicet, Mrs. Smith, with such a shower of ideas, as almost drowned the rapt lady in a flood of eloquence.— In a moment she put pen to paper, which is a thing that some folks do when they write, and gave all her neighbours a full week's notice to clear their stomachs for Mr. Smith's grand dinner.

Now it came to pass that one Sir Robert Twinkle, a great man in the neighbourhood, gave a ball, at which many appeared, but at which Mr. and Mrs. Smith did not appear; and one reason was they were not invited. At this great man's house a session was held, and the neighbours communed amongst themselves, each with his note in his hand, upon Mr. and Mrs. Smith's invitations to their grand dinner: —“ I have a note,” said Mr. White-eye; “ I have a note,” said Mr. Morer; “ I

have a note," said Mr. Preston; "I have a note," said Sir Philip Mildenall; "I have a note," said Sir Robert Twinkle; "I have a note," said Mr. Goose; "and I have a note," said Mr. Kay; and some others said the same; whereupon there was a loud laugh set up: and the ladies hearing the gentlemen laugh, whether they thought the laugh was not loud enough, or whether they had a mind to enjoy the jest, or whether they had a mind to show how much better they could laugh, or whether they thought that the more laughed the better, they all came up, and, gathering the matter, laughed till the water ran out at their eyes! Fine fun, reader—well, and so—what was the end of the last sentence? O, laughed till the water ran out at their eyes.—We have had polite conversation enough, some few pages ago, to which, if the reader has a strong appetite for nonsense, he may turn; we, in the meantime, will give only the sum and sub-

stance of the talk that passed on this occasion, which was as follows:—Great matters are children of little things. Mr. Preston, having an occasion for his handkerchief, drew it out with a jerk, which, if well managed, spreads a man's cambric like a flag, and shows, by the fineness of the fabric, that he treats his nose like a gentleman: this might be one reason why he gave the said flirt or jirk: another reason might be, he gave the said flirt with his handkerchief to scatter the spirit of rose, with the essence of which it was impregnated, amongst the noses that hung in his neighbourhood. This jirk, or flirt, jirked, or flirted, (which you please, reader,) jirked or flirted a note out of his, the said Mr. Preston's pocket, which note contained the invitation to Mr. Smith's grand dinner: the note, obedient to the laws of motion, whereby one thing coming with a jirk in contact with another thing, moves that said thing with an impulse equal to the impelling power,

jumped out of the pocket into a lady's lap, with whom he was sweetly engaged in conversation, and made the lady's heart beat at the sight of it: forasmuch as a little bit of paper, sometimes popped upon a lady, may change the whole course of her life; it may contain a dying lover in it, who sometimes is wrapped up, heart and all, in half a sheet of post, and put under seal at the lady's service. But, to get into the ruts of our narrative, or track, from whence we changed the quarter, as learned coachmen love to talk, the jirk, aforesaid, as we were a saying, flung Mr. Smith's note of invitation out of Devilkins Preston esquire's pocket into Lady Mildenall's lap; the lady, whom the said Devilkins Preston, esquire, held by the ear, in talk, or conversation, which the reader pleases.

Well, very well; and so, Lady Mildenall, flesh of Sir Robert Mildenall, bart. whether out of curiosity, or politeness, or both, mixed, like rum and

Smith is a great scholar, I am told, and I detest learned people ; besides, he opposed an inclosure of the parish, which had made much for my interest ; but the most provoking thing of all is, he comes to church mornings and evenings, no Sunday excepted, to pick faults in my reading, and turn my sermons into ridicule."

" Though I visit every body," said Mr. Morer, " it by no means follows that I should dine with any body ; I make a point to be civil to my neighbours, but choose to be at liberty to select my intimate friends ; I know very little of Smith ; he is a man, I perceive, that must be kept at a distance."

" I should have felt my ground a little," said Mr. Preston, " when I first took a place in this neighbourhood, before I came upon too intimate a footing with this Mr. Buggy Smith, as he is called ; one cannot be too much upon one's guard in these cases. We have

visited him, I own, and will not deny that we have dined at his house ; he is not an ill-bred man, and has certainly talents ; but some objection to him has taken air, which will be a sufficient reason to me to be shy of him for the future." " It is my opinion," said Sir Philip Mildenall, " that great scholars should keep themselves within the walls of universities ; they lay conversation under restraint ; a man is not at his ease with them. I know Smith, I own, and wish I had known him less ; he has several times made me look like a fool when I had quite as lieve look like something else ; a man may talk as much nonsense as he pleases, and pass it current with three parts out of four of the world : for my part, I had rather have my money than my arguments returned on me for base metal ; the former come from another man's mint, the latter from my own :—I mean to cut Smith's acquaintance."

"I will not deny," said Sir Robert Twinkle, "that Smith is a man whom I much admire for his great abilities, and will go so far as to say for him, that I never once knew him attack a man but in his own defence; my friend Mil-denall had looked less like a fool, as he complains, if he had always been wise enough to let Smith alone: thus much justice requires; but, in regard to the man in other respects, he is a poor low fellow, whom I should not have much objection to see at my table, as his family is good; but I must confess that I have no very great desire to be seen at his: what say you, Mr. Goose?"

"Why, Sir," said Mr. Goose, "I think Buggy Smith is getting beyond bounds, sending his notes about indiscriminately, without due regard being had to superiors, equals, or inferiors. We have shown him and his wife some civilities, and I find that they will not

bear them ; they presume upon encouragement. We shall keep him at arm's length for the future ? ”

“ Smith is an impertinent puppy,” said Mr. Kay, “ to put himself upon a level with people of rank and fashion ; and ignorant, too, not to know his proper distance : he is a man one cannot be civil to without making him saucy ; the fellow must be mad to expect me to dine with him ; I am astonished at his taking such a liberty as to send us an invitation to dinner ! ”

MR. KAY.—“ I shall not go.”

MR. GOOSE.—“ I shall not go.”

SIR ROBERT TWINKLE.—“ I shall not go.”

SIR PHILIP MILDENALL.—“ I shall not go.”

MR. PRESTON.—“ I shall not go.”

MR. MORER.—“ I shall not go.”

MR. WHITE-EYE.—“ I shall not go.”

“ Alas, poor Buggy Smith ! ” said



one at a distance; which well-timed note of compassion filled the room with a peal of laughter.

## CHAP. VIII.

*A Stranger introduced to the Reader ; but some Account of Mr. Smith's grand Dinner cometh first.*

**T**HERE is an old saying, "Give a dog a bad name, and hang him." Mr. Smith, by one ill chance or another, had got a bad name ; but he was not so lucky as to get hanged. Some came to the very civil resolution to take no notice of his notes ; two out of the number of the invited, only, sent refusals in writing ; so that Mr. and Mrs. Smith came into this dilemma, viz. they did not know whether to provide a dinner or not, not being able to divine whether they who sent no refusals would come or not. Mr. Smith had these two faults ; he was poor, and he was a man of wit and learning : if these were not faults the blame rests with his gay neighbours.

Now our hand is in, Mr. Smith had more faults: he was a man of piety and virtue; and if these were not faults the blame rests with his gay neighbours. Now, to cut matters short, for long things are always in the way, Mr. and Mrs. Smith got a dinner ready, and nobody came to eat it, except one person, who will soon be introduced to the reader.

But a few particulars concerning Mr. Smith's grand dinner may be expected: they follow thus. "What answers have you received to your notes, my dear?" said Mr. Smith to his wife. "It is high time some answers were received," said she: "to-morrow is the day fixed for our dinner; two answers only have yet arrived, and they make excuses, so, perhaps, all the rest of the people invited will come." "Perhaps not, my dear," said Mr. Smith. Mrs. Smith, who kept an eye fixed on the main chance, was fain to persuade her husband that all who sent no excuses would

come, and this in order to aggravate the matter if they did not, by getting a great dinner ready for Mr. Nobody. By main chance, reader, we mean Mrs. Smith's grand object, which was to get her husband in a mind to leave the neighbourhood. Mrs. Smith never failed to give her husband a push whenever she got the advantage ground. "Perhaps they will not come, my dear," said Mr. Smith. "Not come!" said Mrs. Smith, raising her eyes, and quilting her forehead into wrinkles; "why, I have bought all the things for dinner; Betty Coal and I have made the pastry, the fish is in the house, the sweet wings are come, the butcher has brought the meat, the poulterer has brought the fowls, the baker the bread, and the dairy woman the butter; I have gathered more provision together than old Noah did when he got matters ready for the general deluge! Not come!" said Mrs. Smith, laying stress enough upon the words to break down Black-friars

Bridge, "What on earth are we to do with all the victuals? We cannot eat up all ourselves, if we eat day and night till the conversion of the Jews! Come this way, my dear," said Mrs. Smith, pulling her husband by one of his buttons into the larder, "look at that piece of beef; can you guess what it weighs?" "You know, my dear," said Mr. Smith, "I don't understand these matters, fifty pounds, perhaps"—"Fifty fools' heads!" said Mrs. Smith; "if there are not three quarters of a hundred weight of good meat on that stool in the corner, I will swallow St. Paul's Cathedral whole, without chewing, and the church shall not lie hard at my stomach! Look at that great saddle of mutton! Look at that monstrous cod-fish! Look at that barrel of oysters, big enough to make oyster sauce for the great dragon of the deep, mentioned in the book of Job! Do you see that loin of veal there?" "Yes, my dear," said Mr. Smith. "Do you see that leg of pork?" "Yes, my

dear," said Mr. Smith. "Do you see that turkey, with its tail turned this way?" "Yes, my dear," said Mr. Smith. "And d'ye see those fowls, with their tails turned that?" "Yes, my dear," said Mr. Smith. "And do you see that wash-tub, that stands behind the door?" "Yes, my dear," said Mr. Smith; "what is in it?" "What's in it!" quoth Mrs. Smith, "why, if there are not seven quarts of strong gravy soup in it, I will be skinned and boiled and smothered with onions, and come in amongst the rabbits at the first course! Not come, Mr. Smith! What's to be done with the victuals? we cannot eat fish, flesh, and fowl to all eternity! Look at the tarts, and look at the jellies; look at the custards, and look at the cheese-cakes; look at the trifle, and look at the syllabubs; look at the sweet-meats, and look at the desserts; why, here's more than the great herd of swine would eat that the devils drove into the sea!" "Well, my dear," said Mr.

Smith, "I do not say that all those whom we have invited will not come; silence gives consent; they that have made us no answers may all come; we have only received two notes of excuse from two families." "But what is to be done," said Mrs. Smith, "if they do not come? I will take care, however, that all shall be ready to-morrow, at five o'clock, come or not come. I will take care that there shall be a smoking dinner ready; and then I shall have done my duty, and my conscience will swim in oil, Mr. Smith."

Well, reader, and so the grand day came, and the sun, as it sometimes happens, rose in the morning. Mrs. Smith stirred her house into a froth, and got a dinner ready by five o'clock, big enough for Pharaoh and all his host! What a piece of work there was in Mr. Smith's house that day! Good heavens! What an intestine commotion there is in a man's house when he gets a grand dinner ready in it: what an uproar!

The smell of Mr. Smith's dinner was smelled ten miles down the wind; the smoke of his kitchen fire was as the smoke that rises out of the chimney of Mount Vesuvius; and the clatter of his plates and dishes was heard ten degrees and forty-seven minutes south of the equinoctial line! Now it came to pass that the church clock was in a striking humour, and it struck five!

"Any body come yet?" my dear, quoth Mr. Smith; poking his long nose out of his dressing-door at his wife coming up the staircases; any body come yet? It has struck five—"Aye, Mr. Smith," said she, "and it may strike five hundred before any body comes to dine with us to day; some would have been here before now else!" Well, down went Mr. Smith into the drawing-room, and, taking one out of twenty chairs that stood ready, each chair for its receipt in full, sat down in it, and in his best wig, with much gravity in his countenance.



The chair had scarce taken Mr. Smith into its arms; for it was a loving arm-chair that held Mr. Smith in its embraces, when Mrs. Smith came down likewise into the drawing-room, and took another chair—wives love to oppose their husbands—just opposite to Mr. Smith: and it came to pass that they sat and looked the one at the other for a time without speaking one word: now whether Mrs. Smith was jealous at seeing her husband in the arms of a beautiful chair, and was—such is at times the effect of passion, that it will even strike a woman speechless—was struck dumb, we can't inform the reader; proceed we to say, Mr. Smith was silent too, and his silence we can explain to the reader. The chair into whose arms the fond gentleman had thrown himself, loved him so well that it squeezed the breath out of the gentleman's body. The chimes of the church clock now rung the half hour! Up jumped Mrs. Smith and said the dinner would be spoiled, when some waggish

boys, who, some think, had smoked the matter (the reader will know more presently), drove half a dozen wheelbarrows full gallop up to Mr. Smith's door, and, knocking thereat like a clap of thunder, all ran away, leaving the wheelbarrows to answer for all the disturbance: some containing two, some more, stuffed figures in full dresses. "Now they are come," said Mr. Smith; "serve up the dinner this moment," said Mrs. Smith, and running herself to the door, while all the servants were setting the grand dinner on the table, which found work enough for all; running herself to the door, and, opening it, put her eyes to one use they were made for, and beheld six large wheel-barrows, drawn up in a half circle round about Mr. Smith's grand entrance, all full of company! Now Mrs. Smith, who had half a dozen splendid equipages flourishing in her imagination, felt such an odd sensation at the sight of the wheel-barrows and their passengers, as we really cannot find any words to

; and so, when we cannot speak, we have some excuse with the of we hold our tongues. Let it as it may, Mrs. Smith, at the sight the wheel-barrows, was turned into a st: during her, the said Mrs. Smith's sthood, the church clock, without Mrs. Smith's striking first, struck Mrs. Smith, and gave her forthwith six blows on the t, and forthwith turned Mrs. Smith out of a post into a lady of some consideration, for she began to consider that it was six o'clock, the dinner served, nobody come, and lastly, and finally, that she was made a great fool.

Now if Mrs. Smith had been a fool before the said making, she had been a fool ready made, and there had been no harm done; but not being a fool before the said making, which she could not have been to be made one, she had this consolation, forasmuch as she might take for a compliment, the being made a great fool. Banging the door, which went off like a wall-piece miraculously without

gun-powder, she ran to her husband, whom she found seated at the table with a course of ten large dishes right hand and left, cutting manfully at a noble baron of roast-beef that happened to be the forlorn hope, and was the first dish that was put to the edge of the sword. Now the seeing one fall on gives another an appetite for combat; Mrs. Smith, in a terrible fit of passion, stuck one spoon into the codfish, and another into the oyster-sauce, and began cutting and slashing as if she were in the midst of her enemies: yet, surely, this was cruel treatment; but, notwithstanding, all the laughter in the neighbourhood for a month after was at Mr. and Mrs. Smith's expense. What! then, did nobody come to dine with Mr. Smith that day? Not a soul, reader:—This was very ill-usage indeed. It was so; but, when we say not a soul came, we would be understood of those who were bidden to the dinner: one however, came, who was not bidden, or expected, and of this

\*

person we must now proceed to give some account.

What would we have given, or what would we not have given, to have had it in our power to call the heroine of our work *Heroina*! What a stately name would it have been!—What a fine roar would such a name have made in the lobby of the reader's ear! *Heroina*! Such a name as that would have come down upon a man's drum like a clap of thunder! The gentlemen would have cried, *Hoh*! And the ladies would have cried, *Hah*! And the dogs, if they had heard it, would have barked *all over* the parish!

Hark, hark, hark,  
 How all the dogs do bark,  
 What can be the cause of such an uproar?  
 They must have taken fright  
 At a goblin in the night,  
 Or else have gone to bed without their supper.

A little poetical evacuation, reader; but let it pass, and for this reason, because we were neither made godfathers nor

godmothers on the beautiful Rosa's behalf; for that is the name of our heroine, and therefore, if they had called her, Scratch, it would have been no fault of ours: but, to make the best of it, Rosa is not a very bad name after all for a pretty woman. Should the reader, however, not think it long enough, he may, if he pleases, take his pen and put *linda* to it in his copy, and then he will have two syllables more in his mouth; leaving all such as deal in hard words to raise the devil at their leisure, we shall proceed to say, that Mr. and Mrs. Smith had just taken their seats, one at one end, and the other at the other end of a long table, whereon a dinner was served, and plates and knives and forks laid for twenty people; and furthermore, Mr. Smith had filled his mouth a second time with roast beef and potatoe pudding, and Mrs. Smith hers, a third time, with cod-fish and oyster sauce, when Rosa entered the dining-room and cast an eye of astonishment upon the sumptuous banquet.

Rosa was at that time in the full bloom of her beauty, but her stomach was empty; she had rode from London in a fine frosty day, and could not have brought a good appetite into a better place just at that time, than Mr. Smith's dining-room.

Now it came to pass that Mr. Smith wiped his mouth on the table-cloth, and kissed his pretty daughter, and bade her welcome, and Mrs. Smith did the same; this was right enough, for when Rosa's pretty cheek came to table, why should it not be tasted among other delicacies? As soon as the kissing was over, which Rosa just at that time had no great appetite for, she cast her starry eyes into a large vessel of gravy soup which smoked as it stood, and, like a modest man, left folks to find out its merits without telling people how good it was—rare tackle in a cold day! Rosa filled her plate with it, and a bright silver spoon kept up a delightful correspondence between the said gravy soup and her stomach! We will

now leave Rosa to eat her dinner, and, in the mean time, give the reader some account of her.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith were plain country folks; Rosa, their pretty daughter, had been bred by her aunt Lady Alicia Grove in high life, as it is called; Lady Alicia was an old maiden, had fallen in love with Rosa when she was a little thing, and taken it into her head that she might as well keep her to play with as a cat, or a parrot, a squirrel, a lap-dog, or a monkey. Lady Alicia had a fine place in Cumberland which she bought, because it was to be sold, of Mr. Smith's father, who, to show his independence, had a mind to let his estates see that he could live without any of their help; and so he took his leave of them, as others have done, who have chosen to go to jail rather than be beholden to either land or money. It is a very easy matter to live without either one or the other; the difficulty is to live with both; Lady Alicia, however, had



that art, and held it as long as she lived, which was in a very handsome manner ; for she had a house in town also, its shell made out of the best stone, and fixed in one of the best squares. Here Rosa had the advantage of the best masters, who went to work, some at one end of her, and some at another, nibbing her, and polishing her with all their might, until at last they made her shine like silver. Here Rosa had the advantage of being introduced to what is called the best company too ; folks so refined, that what with their virtues, and what with their graces, the western part of London is filled with angels ; and that keeps up the balance against the eastern part thereof, which, every body knows, is filled with angels also. Whence it comes to pass that London is an heaven upon earth : well, very well—and so Rosa was made an angel amongst others, regularly kept the season in town with her gay old aunt, and retired with Lady Alicia to the fine place in Cumberland as soon as

the sun and the flies got amongst the people in London in the dog-days. In this place Mr. and Mrs. Smith were invited to spend a month every summer to see their great relation, Lady Alicia Grove, and their daughter Rosa: they sometimes tried to get Rosa to come home with them, but her aunt would never part with her; for she loved Rosa as well, perhaps better, than if she had been her own daughter; and that was no wonder, when it is considered how daughters scratch and bite their own mothers as soon as they have got any nails and teeth. Mr. and Mrs. Smith, however, saw things through the right end of the telescope: Lady Alicia not only saved them the trouble and expense of all Rosa's diet and education, and she bred and fed her like any princess, but dropped some sparks into their tinder from which they gathered a little light of some good thing to come at her, the said Lady Alicia's, death. These considerations kept Mr. and Mrs. Smith

quiet and content to see their daughter once a year in Cumberland, where Mr. Smith had other friends and relations, of whom Mr. Grove of Hindermark was one. This, therefore, was the first visit Rosa had paid her father and mother in the village of 'Three Stars' since she was an infant, which was one reason why folks did not know her in that place.

Now the sparks above-mentioned gave no false light: Lady Alicia Grove died one day, and left every thing she was worth in the world (a few legacies excepted) in houses, land, and money, to the beautiful Rosa. Lady Alicia died in Cumberland, of which event Mr. and Mrs. Smith had not as yet received any intelligence, as they took none but the provincial paper, in which her death had not been recorded; and Rosa, for some reason, told her relations in the north, that as she was going to visit her father and mother they might save the expense of pens, ink, and paper. Rosa came of age a little time after her aunt's death,

and was now become the mistress of her aunt's fine property; and so it came to pass there was as much money and as much beauty collected in one unlucky girl, as ever threatened any poor young lady with certain destruction! But Rosa, though she had not pulled the world to pieces, as children serve their balls, to look what was in the inside of it, had watched pretty narrowly what went on upon the outside of it; she knew she was a fine handsome girl without asking any body the question; though she had heard it often enough without; and in regard to having plenty of money, she had nothing else to do, but just put her hand into her pocket to be pretty well convinced of that. For once, beauty, wit, and money, met together; by wit, we mean the art of taking care of both. Rosa, soon finding that her father and mother had not as yet heard of Lady Alicia's death, took it in her head to keep that matter a secret for a little time, evaded the questions about her

aunt's health, and accounted for her gay servant and two fine horses, by saying, that her aunt had been so good as to furnish her with them, knowing her to be very fond of riding, and glad to take an airing into the country and see her papa and mamma: an artful hussey, as the reader will presently see.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Rosa had now dined; but having a great deal on our hands we cannot stand to crack jokes on what they ate and drank, and how much they were puzzled, amongst such a vast variety of victuals, what to choose, and where to stick their fork: Rosa, of course, had all matters explained to her, this monstrous dinner accounted for, and why so few sat down to it; at which the beautiful Rosa felt not a little malice in heart, and from that moment vowed vengeance against her father's neighbourhood! Naturalists have observed that the most beautiful women have usually the strongest passions. Rosa was by no means an exception to this rule: we

love Rosa so well, that we heartily wish she were: but to wish things were other than they are, is not always the way to make things what we wish they were. Rosa was one of those young women whom the painter and the statuary agree to call a beauty: so reader, let this suffice, without meddling any further with such a dangerous thing as Rosa's person; for we may set ourselves and you on fire, dear reader, and get burned to the ground: and fire, whether it be in the blood, or amongst a man's barns and stables, is a very terrible thing—and so, not to play with it lest woe betide us, we shall proceed to say that many questions were asked by Rosa concerning the neighbourhood, without the least hint given of her wicked design upon it.

of the whole number whom we invited that condescended even to answer our notes of invitation; you may depend upon it, Mr. Smith, the thing was done to make a jest of us, to put us to the expense and trouble of getting a monstrous dinner ready on purpose to laugh at us! I saw Sir Robert's son, young Twinkle, ride by the windows while you and I were sitting at dinner; look in and laugh—I could venture to lay my life on it that he sent the wheel-barrows; for I saw him at a distance when I opened the door!" Mrs. Smith made an end of her speech with a great rap upon the table. Mr. Smith, unbuttoning three buttons of his waistcoat, and thrusting in his hand upon his stomach, answered Mrs. Smith, and spake as follows: "We must not take the worst for granted, my dear, until the worst be proved; some of those to whom we sent notes of invitation might not be at home; others might have meant to come, but be prevented by some accident, or they might

think that our generosity exceeded our means; that to dine with us would be to rob us of what we could not spare, and having our welfare at heart take this way to give us good advice, a friendly hint—" "Yes," said Mrs. Smith, raising her voice above her husband's; "a hint as broad as a barn-door; put the friendship of it however into your eye, and you'll see none the worse for it. But you must be blind indeed not to perceive that we are not only despised in this place, but laughed at in it; and if you have the spirit of a man, Mr. Smith, you will stay no longer in it. We have now given the place a fair trial; we have called on our neighbours all round, and we have invited them all to take a friendly dinner with us, and been made a jest of for our pains. Since we have been married and settled in this heavenly place, we have seen the neighbourhood changed seven times; aye, my dear, new candles set up in the old candlesticks seven times; but of all the sets we have yet



seen in this place, the last set is the richest, the proudest, and the worst. We have met with more insults, more contempt, more neglect, and more pride from this last set than from all the rest put together; and I, for my part, would see the whole village pulled down, ploughed up and sown with hemp-seed, before I would live in it another month! The trial which you needs must give the place has now been made in it, and what I bid you expect is now fairly come of it; and I would see the town taken up by main force, and precisely set bottom upwards, and the people in it walking on their heads, before I would soil another shoe in the place! What would be a dispraise to another neighbourhood to this is certainly a commendation; it is always changing its inhabitants: but who would wait for the shifting of the scene, if he were not rooted in the place like a cabbage, to be used in the manner we have been treated to day? Now just be so good, Mr. Smith, as to cast up

our accounts with these our precious neighbours; put this day's treatment at the foot of the reckoning, and look what the aggregate amounts to—To begin at the bottom; here is this day's civil-usage—then comes our kind and polite entertainment at the vicarage—then our cool reception at Sir Robert Twinkle's, at whose door we were almost frozen to death before we could gain either answer or admittance—Then the pretty piece of comedy that was played off upon me at Mrs. Goose's assembly, when all the world sat down to supper, and I was left standing wedged in between the wall and people's chairs, a sort of mark to be shot at by the lady of the house; who, to give her her due, took care to make the most of me, for she pelted me with questions until she drew all the eyes in the room on my face, and when she saw me covered with confusion, with all the impudence in the world raised a loud laugh on all sides at my expense—Then the odd accident that happened at Mr.

Kay's grand dinner, when Mrs. Kay lost sight of me, walked out of her own dining-room before me, and, leaving me to come out with the nurse-maids who had come in with the infant, the butler, by mistake perhaps, shut the drawing-room door in my face: I was left to open it and walk into the room by myself, which set half the ladies in the place a laughing behind their fans, when Lady Mildenall said to her next neighbour, loud enough for me to hear 'Mrs. Buggy seems very loth to leave the wine and the gentlemen!'—This was the first time I discovered by what honourable title we are distinguished by the civil folks in this polite vicinity—"Rosa's bright eyes flashed fire at this—Mrs. Smith went on—"Then the curious occurrence at Mr. Preston's party, where I found a caricature of myself put into one of my gloves, 'Mrs. Sm-th,' the i only omitted, 'Mrs. Sm-th on her return from market,' was the inscription on it, and I was pourtrayed with a leg of

•

mutton in one hand, a couple of rabbits in the other, and a chain of sausages round my neck!—You may remember when we entered the room, Mr. Smith, we found a good joke on foot, and a great deal of laughter in it—and saw a piece of paper on its way from hand to hand; they kept the joke to themselves, however, until I found the same paper folded up and put into one of my gloves; I knew the paper again the moment I saw it, by a mark of red paint which was upon the back of it. I could not complain of my reception at any house in the neighbourhood for half a year afterwards; for, whenever and wherever I appeared, every face was full of smiles: I vow, Mr. Smith, I never go into any house in this place without meeting with some contempt, some slight, or some insult—when we dine at any place (why it is done I don't know, if not to make a jest of me) I have always five times as much put upon my plate as other folks, which is sure to raise a titter, especially amongst

the young people. One day, when we dined at Sir Robert Twinkle's—I hate that place worse, if possible, than any other; it is, of all others, the proudest house in the whole neighbourhood—one day when we dined at Sir Robert Twinkle's, I called for the vegetables; for I happened to have room enough left me on my plate for a potatoe to lie without rolling off upon the table-cloth; I called for the vegetables, when, upon the butler's taking the cover off the vegetable-dish, such a monstrous carrot presented itself, that almost made me start! It extended its enormous length over the turnips, the potatoes, the spinach, and the brocoli, and I really could get at nothing without rolling it out of my way: on giving this vast thing a push with a spoon it began to roll, and the butler was forced to erect his thumb to stop it from rolling off the dish into Miss Morer's bosom, over whose shoulder it was introduced to me; this affair took up some time, and soon drew the atten-

tion of the company: Miss Morer, a saucy puss, seeing how matters stood with me, for every body was curious to see how I and this great carrot should come off, said, "Give me leave, Madam, to assist you;" and taking a fork out of a dish, stuck it into this vast carrot, and laid it at its full length all across my plate; upon this there was a loud laugh, in which even the servants had the insolence to take part, and I sat covered with confusion. Recovering myself a little, I had the presence of mind to give my plate with the carrot upon it to a servant who, as good luck would have it, or malice, held the plate as he raised it from the table a little uneven, when the carrot—I thought I should never get rid of it—rolled off the plate into my lap: more confused now than ever, and scarce knowing what I did, I seized the carrot in my hand, when the man, with a grin, held the plate to receive it, and carried it out of my sight.

"But the worst part of the story is to

come: my maid, a few days after this merry matter, picked up the following particulars from her sweetheart, who happened to be one of the under-gardeners at Sir Robert Twinkle's, and was turned off for quarrelling with the other servants on my account; for, being in love with the maid, he deemed himself to be in honour bound to defend the mistress. Betty, a few days after this merry matter, picked up the following particulars from her sweetheart: there had been a plot formed by the whole house to make a jest of me. There was a good deal of company staying at Sir Robert Twinkle's, when, a large party of them coming into the garden, Betty's sweetheart heard young Twinkle—who takes every opportunity of showing his insolence to myself and Mr. Smith, always meeting us with a broad grin instead of a bow, and never passing us without being heard to laugh—Betty's sweetheart heard young Twinkle say, 'I have hit upon something to make

fun of Madam Buggy ; come with me into the kitchen garden, and we will look for the biggest carrot we can find, and have it dressed for her dinner !' It is a very pleasant thing to entertain one's friends, and few people have the luck to furnish their acquaintance with more amusement than myself. But it certainly shows what a very laudable disposition folks have to merriment when they single out our family, and make it the butt of the neighbourhood. One would think," continued Mrs. Smith, "folks might be content to make a jest of one themselves ; but it is certainly a sign of great generosity to admit their servants to go shares in the entertainment." Rosa, when her mamma came to this place, burst into tears.



## CHAPTER NINE IN CONTINUATION.

"I had another diverting story or two to tell," continued Mrs. Smith ; "but,



out of compassion for Rosa's feelings, I shall forbear : candour, however, and impartiality, constrain me to say, that your papa, my dear," speaking to Rosa, "has met with equal attention with myself in this place ; and it was my design to have rehearsed a few little anecdotes of him, as well as of myself, to have kept the balance even-handed between us : but, to give you pain, my dear Rosa, is not to give you welcome ; so, for the present, I shall change the subject, with this prayer, that you assist me by all means in your power, to persuade your papa to pack up and leave this abominable neighbourhood."

"I think, mamma," said Rosa, "I can bring that matter to pass, without making any prayers or petitions about the business." "One more kiss," my dear Rosa, "and now, tell us, how you left all our friends in the North?" "All very well," said Rosa, "at Hindermark, the Cottage, Dairy Mead, the Farm, and the Castle.—Mr. Grove has had a

paralytic stroke ; but is quite recovered from it." " Alas !" said Mr. Smith, " my friend Grove grows old—" saying which, Mr. Smith wiped his eyes with his handkerchief—Mr. Smith had a tender heart. " Well, but you say nothing about your good aunt, my dear Rosa," said Mrs. Smith, " where is she, and how does she do ? You said, indeed, she made no objection to your coming with some friends to town on your way to visit us : it is too soon for her to come to town yet ; did you leave her at Spade-oak House ?" Rosa said, with an odd look, that she left her in Cumberland ; and that was true, for she was put into the family vault ; and that she made no objections to Rosa's tour into the south to visit her father and mother was true also, for the old lady had not been known or heard to make any objections to any thing ever since she had been dead. Well, reader, Rosa was now mistress of no less a sum than fifteen thousand pounds a year, of a

fine house in town, and a grand place in the country, in the vicinity of the fine old castle of John Decastro, esquire, in the county of Cumberland. Of this, her good luck, however, we have said, or should have said, which is all the same to all such as are not at the pains of making distinctions, she, the said pretty Rosa, uttered not one word at present to her papa and mamma; but kept it a profound secret. Well; but there were her servant and horses, how came *they* not to say any thing about the matter?—Why, reader, one reason was neither of her horses could speak; and further, she had hired her groom in town, who knew no more of his lady's affairs than her horses did, all which put together make up a sturdy cause why neither the groom nor the horses said one word about the matter. Well; but why should she keep her good fortune a secret, which would have given so much joy to her father and mother? We don't know what may come out; but we can.

not tell at present: we can, however, satisfy your curiosity, reader, just so far as to tell you, that Rosa came to London with Mr. Bartholomew Decastro, who was made Lady Alicia Grove's executor, to get the will executed, and prepare matters for putting Rosa at the helm of her good aunt's vast property, with instructions how to keep her boat even in the stormy waters of this world. But, we must suppose Rosa to be in mourning; how did she colour that to her father and mother? Rosa could see as far into a stone wall as you can thrust your nose, reader: she left her mourning in London; she had forelaid her plans to keep the pomps and vanities of death a secret; and so she rode up to her father's door in a blue habit, and upon a fine grey horse, her servant upon a black mare, adorned with a gay livery of orange and gold: and it came to pass, that what with Rosa's beauty, her fine horses, and dazzling livery, that they set Mr. Smith's house on fire;

and it shone so bright, a man might see it all over the street by day-light. It was now bed-time, and Rosa, after having eaten a cheese-cake, and drank a glass of Madeira, part of the grand banquet prepared for the devil and his angels, took up a thing, called in the vulgar tongue a hand-candlestick, and retired to her apartment; and Betty made her bed so hot with the warming-pan, that when Rosa got in she was forced to jump out again! You laugh, reader; but she had rode eight and twenty miles that day, and the heat of the bed made her smart. But the stories which she had heard her mother tell after dinner galled poor Rosa worse than a hard saddle: she had a sore place in her mind, that smarted much, and kept her some time awake, notwithstanding the fine exercise she had taken in the day. But, before sleep shut those eyes, which, when open, did so much mischief, Rosa came to a determination to take vengeance on the neighbourhood

for its cruel usage of her father and mother; and nature had armed her with a very terrible weapon, of which she knew the use and force too well.

Rosa's conquests had already been many; but we must leave that theme alone for the present: her beauty was now in bed, and, like a sword in its sheath, was at peace, for a few hours, with all mankind. Well, now, reader, they are all gone to roost: if you have any thing to say, or any questions to ask, we have a few minutes much at your service, Sir.

We have—and, in the first place, what the plague d'ye write such devilish long chapters for? You have been forced to split this into two billets. Zooks! Have you no mercy on the breath of life? O, don't swear, reader; it is our best friend who tells us of our faults; but then, there is a certain oiliness in doing a thing.

Pray, Master Mathers, be so good as to answer us a question or two.—What

sort of an introduction do you call it of this Madam Rosa, whom, it seems, we must needs take to be the heroine of the piece, to bring her in head and shoulders in this manner?—Head and shoulders! reader—how could we bring her in otherwise? What would you have said if we had brought her in without any head or shoulders at all? What an outcry there would have been for heads and shoulders!—Come, madcap! you know what we mean.—Yes, reader, and must needs say, that we think we have brought Madam Rosa in in high style, upon a full gallop, on a fine horse, and a gay servant upon another, as bright as the morning star. When a man considers how many ways there are, and vehicles also, in which heroines might come into history; such as waggons, pots, baskets, butchers' trays, panniers, casks, wheel-barrows, caravans, coaches, and fish-carts, by St. Ann, we think Rosa came in like a gentlewoman! Introduction! What, we suppose you

expected to hear the doodlesack, or the hurdy-gurdy, the sackbut, Jews-harp, or dulcimer, and to see Rosa led in by the ear, as Orpheus led the beasts: however, if you like Rosa, now she is come, rest you content, as long as you have got her in, for what is a'history without a pretty girl in it? A fine young gentleman will come in presently, ladies; and if he comes in at the window, we very well know you will not push him out again, and break the young man's neck. But, courteous reader, you must not be too nice, and you must bear in mind, that if there is a flaw in our wit there may be a flaw in your judgment; for, as the worsted is, so must be the stocking, in spite of the best knitting needles in the world. Yor must bear in mind, reader, that the best mouth will be out of taste at times, and that even the parson of the parish cannot always relish roast beef and plum-pudding. Put our book down, Sir, or



Madam, when you feel a distaste ; for we will venture to lay a penny, that the fault will not be so often in our meat as in your palate. In a profusion of wit, as in a profusion of rich sauces, folks are apt to get nice, and a good thing loses all its merit and its praise, if a better thing come before it, or come after it ; one savoury thing spoils the relish for another. A clown in a cart-house is apt to think a city feast must be a very glorious matter, when the odds are, all the while, that he feels a better relish for his bread and his cheese and his onion. If a man's palate is let to have its head, it will play the devil with his stomach. Eating, reader, is the food of the mind, as reading is the food of the body, nobody can contradict that ; or this, that too many rich things injure the constitution of both.

*" Summum jus est summa injuria : "*

say the Latins, which we shall construe

in a manner they, the said Latins, very little thought of, viz :—

The strongest sauce does the most mischief.

Hold hard one moment?—What's the matter, reader? Have we burst a button any where?—A small catacresis, that is all; the mind hath got into the place of the body, and the body into that of the mind, a step or two above: go back a little, Master Mathers, go back a round or two up the ladder, and you'll see where you have hung things in their wrong places.—Thank you, reader,—a memorandum for our Corrigenda Table:—but we were a-going to say some very witty things upon strong sauces, and you may thank yourself, reader; for you *afflavisti vento et dissipantur*: that is to say, in the English tongue, you *have spilled the wine and broke the decanter*. But to return to our team, and drive on our history: the stories Rosa heard her mother tell hatched a nest of scorpions in her heart; and Mrs. Smith

did not fail to add the particulars of the grand dinner to the rest, which did not fail to give a relish to the whole. Stung with these insults Rosa awoke early in the morning, and lay meditating revenge on her pillow; and her malice was not a little whetted by the following note, which was picked up by Mrs. Smith herself in the street, addressed to the son of Sir Philip Mildenall:—here follows a copy of the note:—

“DEAR JACK,

“Tom Preston, myself, and Harry Kay, had some fine fun with the Smiths on Friday, the day fixed for their dinner. Having learned that not a soul would come, we thought it would be a pity that their dinner should go off without company; so we hired some boys, and got half a dozen large wheel-barrows together, and, with the help of some old court-dresses, and a few bags of chaff, furnished out a very gay party, I assure you! Tom Preston, and myself,

and Harry Kay, concealed ourselves in the livery stables, opposite Buggy Smith's house, and had a full view of the masquerade. Now you must know that having got the hour of dinner out of my father's note, who was invited, we watched the time, gave the boys the word of command, and away they drove their wheel-barrows, full of company, up to Buggy Smith's door: they then, by our directions, drew up their wheel-barrows in a half-circle, which took in the whole front of the house, gave a thundering knock at the door, and all ran away.—As good luck would have it, out come Madam Smith herself, to answer the rap, and I thought we should have died with laughter to see her receive her company! The moment she opened the door there came a well-timed gust of wind, which blew all the gentlemen's hats off; and it looked for all the world as if the wind thought that the gentlemen should be uncovered, when the lady of the house came out to

pay her respects to her party ! Our observatory was the hay-loft at Granger's livery-stables, and we were forced to throw ourselves down on the hay, and roll about in a convulsion of laughter. The effect of the hats being blown off the heads of the chaff-bags, when Madam appeared, had something so indescribably ridiculous in it, that I thought we should all have burst our sides ! The boys, that ran into the stables beneath us, set up such a peal, that the farce altogether was one of the most ludicrous things in the world ! O my dear Jack ! we would have given the universe to have had you with us ; though we think we must have lost you for ever, for you must have died with laughter.

“ Most truly yours,

“ W. TWINKLE.

“ P. S. As we came away we saw one of the most beautiful girls in the world ride up to Smith's door, with a very

gay servant behind her. I looked round, saw her get off her horse and go into the house; who she could be, I have not, at present, the most distant idea;—but we were excessively struck with her beauty.”

“ I am very glad to hear it,” said Rosa to herself, when Mrs. Smith read this part of the note to her and her husband. “ There! my dear,” exclaimed Mrs. Smith, in triumph, “ what have you to say to this pretty frolic?” Mr. Smith said he could have wished the gentlemen who were engaged in it had been younger. “ They are too old to be excused,” said Mrs. Smith, “ if you mean that; and it is a pity they are not young enough to be all well flogged.” “ They are just old enough for my purpose,” said Rosa to herself. “ I wish we had known more of them,” said Mr. Smith, “ and then we might—” “ have pocketed the jest,” said Mrs. Smith, catching up his meaning; “ but,

as good luck will have it, they have not only never visited us, but not even spoken to us. I believe we have sometimes had the honour of a slight bow when we have met them at their fathers' houses; but never at any other time by any chance: so that familiarity is not like to go far in their excuse, Mr. Smith."

"I confess this, and I am sorry for it," said Mr. Smith; "at all events, they are young folks, and the injury they have done us amounts to but little." "I am of another opinion," said Mrs. Smith, "an insult is no small injury with me; I could sooner have forgiven them if they had broken every window in my house." "Come, my dear mamma," said Rosa, "this thing is not worth your tears."—"But, my dear Rosa," said Mrs. Smith, "you may recollect that you could not restrain yours on a like occasion the other day." "That is a home push, mamma, I confess," said Rosa; "but my weakness

makes you none the stronger." This talk took place after breakfast one morning ; when Mr. Smith, who was fond of books, retired to his favourite library. As soon as he was gone, Rosa and her mother chatted together, in the following manner ; but we have not forgot an objection to long chapters : we must even turn the cock at this place, and draw off Mrs. Smith's and Rosa's conversation into the following division. You get very fat and short-winded, reader, sitting still, and reading novels.

---

## CHAPTER NINE IN CONTINUATION.

" I am sorry to find, my dear mamma," said Rosa, " that my papa is so fond of this place, and that only because it is his inheritance ; you meet with vile usage here, and I own I cannot sufficiently express my indignation at it." " It is a very great weakness in your papa, my dear Rosa," said Mrs. Smith,



"to be so much attached to every thing that belonged to his father, there never was a more dutiful son, I know; but, in this instance, he carries his love for his father to a ridiculous extreme. It is really my opinion that he will never leave this house unless he is burnt out of it; and, I dare say, if it were on fire, he would be in doubt whether to run out of it or be roasted! What man of spirit would bear the accumulated insults and ill treatment of this neighbourhood?"

"Now, my dear mamma," said Rosa, taking her mother by the hand, "will you do me a little favour?" "Well, Rosa," said Mrs. Smith, "and what is this little favour to be?" "Why, mamma," said she, "sit you down contented a little, and leave me to try my hand with my papa; I think I can bring him to a mind to leave this shocking place. Will you give me two months to do my work in?" "O yes; a twelve-month, my Rosa," said she; "but how,

will your dear aunt, Lady Alicia, be content to part with you for so long a time?" "O, I have managed that," said Rosa; "she is gone from home, and will not want me for a quarter of a year: so I have ordered some things to be sent me here, and mean to pay you a long visit, for I have not been here since I was a little thing only three years old." "It gives me the greatest pleasure, my dearest child, to hear this—but how will you contrive matters to get your papa in a mind to leave this horrible neighbourhood?" "O, my dear mamma," said Rosa, "you must be content not to know that at present; but you shall soon. Make no more complaints to my papa, only sit quiet, and just see what I will do for you; your promise upon this—give me your hand." "Well, my dear child," said Mrs. Smith, "there is my hand and my promise."

"This is the day," said Rosa, "in which I expect my luggage; I will now

walk to the inn, and make my inquiries if it is come, and see my horses: you have no stable room for my horses, William said, so I gave orders that he should hire me some stables at the Swan, I think the place is called. Remember your promise, mamma," said Rosa, and left the room.

"And if I don't throw this neighbourhood into confusion, in less than three months," said Rosa to herself, as she went away, "I will put no more trust in my beauty." Upon going into her room to put on her hat, she found Betty, her mother's maid, in it. "Have you got a sweetheart, Betty?" said Rosa. "O yes, Ma'am," said Betty, "a nice young man, and I am going to be married to him as soon as my year is up." "I wish I could get a sweetheart, Betty," said Rosa: "are there any more nice young men in this place?" "Yes, Ma'am, there's Butcher Dick, Bat the Tailor, Hugh the Blacksmith, and Tom the *Tinker*; and I had rather see you mar-

ried to one of these, than the wife of any of the young skipjacks in the neighbourhood, that call themselves gentlemen!" "Betty," said Rosa. "Yes, Ma'am," said Betty. "Can you talk?" "A little, Ma'am," said Betty. "Come," said Rosa, "that is something, for a woman—High hoh for a husband!" "Dear Ma'am," said Betty, "'tis a pity such a handsome young lady as you should want a husband and not get one." "Go to the baker's, Betty," said Rosa, "and get one made of paste, and I will dip him in sweet jelly, and eat him when I am hungry. Ah, Betty, it is a sad thing that a pretty fortune, and this pretty face, should go a begging; isn't it, Betty?" "A pretty face and a pretty fortune, Ma'am? Law, Ma'am, if I was a man, I would not scruple to marry an angel if she had a pretty face and a pretty fortune." "Marry an angel? Why Betty," said Rosa, "I will find you men in plenty, who would marry a devil for half my money." "Yes, Ma'am; but

if I was a man, I would not marry an angel, without being pretty well paid for it: you don't consider, Ma'am, what a woeful figure I should cut, if I were a man, by her side! Law, Ma'am, she'd make the first Lord in the land look like Tom Smut, the chimney-sweeper; and I am sure a man of any spirit would not keep such company as that for nothing."

"Well, Ma'am; but I hope you are not joking about your pretty fortune; I have heard you have very rich friends in the North: one has died of late, perhaps, and left you some money." "You have guessed it rightly, Betty; old Mr. John a Nokes died lately, and I succeed to all his property." "Well, Ma'am," said Betty, "I am monstrous glad to hear it, for I wish the family very well, though I am going to be married. I never had a better master, nor a better mistress—then the fine servant and horses are your own, Ma'am? My mistress told me that her Ladyship, your

aunt, lent them to bring you into the country to see your papa and mamma.”

“ Thank you, Betty, for your services : I expect my maid will come to-day, and then I shall give you no more trouble ; there is a guinea for you in token of my gratitude.” Saying which, Rosa made the best of her way to the Swan, to look for her maid and her luggage.

“ Ah !” said Betty, “ she is a nice young lady ; I wish I could go to a shop and bespeak a husband on purpose for her, and give orders how I would have him made ; she should have the nicest man in the world—what a present she has made me !—she must be very rich, or she could not have so much money.”

What Betty said was certainly very true—But we must now follow Rosa to the Swan. Coming there, she found a stage-coach at the door, and her maid and the rest of her luggage just arrived : a waiter was standing at the gate of the inn ready to pull the inside of the coach

out ; of this man Ross inquired for her groom, and was presently shown him talking with some gentleman at the stables. Rosa, upon this, went to the stables to see her horses, and she saw something else ; viz. a thing called by some a young gentleman : Rosa looked at the young gentleman, and the young gentleman looked at Rosa ; and, therefore, it is not improbable that they saw one another, and we have great reason to suppose that they did. Rosa then inquired how her horses were ? and William, her groom, said they were very well : Rosa then asked if the hay and corn were good, and the stables such as the horses were contented with ? and William said the horses did not complain of the hay, the corn, or the stables ; nor had they any reason ; and added, that Mr. Stiff, the landlord of the Swan, loved horseflesh as much as he did his own.

During this talk with William, the young gentleman fixed his eyes on Rosa, and looked at her all over ; as a man

looks at a fish he has a mind to buy before he puts down his money. Observing this, Rosa gave him a frown and a hem, which some fish cannot do ; and the young gentleman walked out of the stable-yard. " Who is that, William ? " said Rosa : an ostler who stood at the stable-door, seeing William at a loss ; said, it was the son of Sir Robert Twinkle. Rosa, hearing the name, was sorry she gave him a frown, because he was a young gentleman who deserved a smile in its stead ; which Rosa had some reason to think would have done the young gentleman a great deal more mischief. William then said, with a grin, " He asked so many questions about you, Ma'am, that I could scarce tell how to find answers." " What questions, William ? " said Rosa : " Why, Ma'am," said William, " he asked me, what your name was ? Where you came from ? If your father and mother lived in this village ? If I were your own servant ? If these were your own horses ? How long you



were to stay here? If you were a rich lady?—and if——But I cannot take the liberty of telling you the rest.” “ You shall have my pardon, William; say what else he asked:” “ Why then, Ma’am, he asked me if you had any—I know you will be angry with me, Ma’am,” said William, with a blush, “ indeed I cannot say—” “ Indeed I will not—” said Rosa; “ I insist on being told what else this person asked you. My orders are, that you tell me, William,” said Rosa, with a stern look. “ Why then, Ma’am, he asked me if you had a lover, and if you were a married lady?” “ Well, William, and what answer did you make him to the two last questions?” “ Why, Ma’am, nearly the same as I did to most of the others; that I could not tell.” “ Then you did answer some things more to his satisfaction.” “ Yes, Ma’am, I told him what your name was, and that your father and mother lived in this village, and that I believed you to be a very rich lady, as you had just bought a

\*

new carriage, and four very handsome horses, and hired a coachman and a footman in town, where they remained waiting your orders; and that I was your own servant, and these horses here in the stable your own horses. He pressed me very much upon the two last questions, and seemed to think I could tell if I had a mind, and called me a close fellow." Upon which, Rosa gave some orders about her horses; for she was not only a very good horse-woman, but understood the management of horses very well; and then went into a room in the inn to give some orders to her maid. Rosa, who knew before this day what sort of a fool a man looked like when he was in love, conjectured—and she did not shoot much beside the mark—that Mr. Twinkle was not a little smitten by her beauty; and some readers may think she had some reasons for bearing him not a little malice in her heart.

Alas! reader, it is a pity, so it is, that

such a passion as revenge should lodge in the bosom of so sweet a girl as Rosa ; but there it lay like a viper in a bed of violets—and what can we say?—Why, we must needs tell the truth, and say it was a fault.—We shall now proceed to show the effects of it. Rosa was a cunning baggage, and trusted nobody with any thing she would have nobody know, which is one way, reader, to keep a secret,—but we shrewdly suspect that she knew her father and mother's situation in this neighbourhood long enough before she came into it : she brought no servant with her to London when she came with Mr. Bartholomew Decastro to town to execute her aunt's will ; but hired what servants she wanted after she came there, which cut off all connexions between her servants and her affairs ; who did not know how many fingers she had until she chose to tell them of as many as she thought they ought to be trusted with : yes, they all went just as she pleased to wind them up and set them,

•

and regulate them too; and when they chimed, they chimed under her directions. She gave her servants just to understand as much as she pleased they should know of her; and we say it with sorrow, for we love Rosa, though we do not love her faults; that she would give false directions to serve her ends. People talk in some country villages, and country towns too; and even women have been known to talk in many. The news of Rosa's arrival and her great riches flew all over the place like a blast of wind; and the young gentlemen in the neighbourhood, one or another of them, had always some errand at the Swan, and were very fond of talking with William, who could not tell them what he did not know.

Rosa, having impregnated her maid  
• with all she would have her do and say, told William she would take a ride the next day at eleven o'clock, loud enough for Mr. Twinkle to hear; who hung about the Swan, as if he had a mind to

steal Rosa's horses: and he might have stolen what he would if she could have got him fairly hanged: perhaps she thought this world was not good enough for him. Ah, what pity it was he had not sense enough to fly from so much mischief! She saw him from the window coming to the door of the inn; broke off the talk with her maid, and came out on purpose to meet him. Rosa's fatal face would bear the strictest examination by day-light, or any other. She took her stand, as it were, waiting for her maid, with an "Are you not coming, Mary," at the door, just opposite to her victim, dangling her whip in her hand—being habited in her riding dress—without taking any the least notice of him; when at the very moment he was the chief object of her attention. "It is a very nice day, Ma'am," said he, the said Mr. Twinkle, looking like a sheep. "Are you coming, Mary," said Rosa to her woman, who was gathering up some bundles in the passage; "are you

coming, Mary," said Rosa : " those two parcels will do ; William is coming with the rest ; you need not be afraid of losing any thing ; for I am sure there is no such thing as a dishonest person in the place. It is a sweet pretty village ; I think I should like very much to come and live in it. Do come, Mary ; how you stand puzzling with that bundle ; one can never tie a knot when one is thinking of one's sweetheart !" " Indeed, Ma'am, I have got no sweetheart," said Mary with a fine blush ; and would have really looked handsome, if Rosa had not stood shining by her, who had beauty enough to have put all Circassia under an eclipse !

## CHAP. X.

*Mr. Twinkle shot dead by Rosa, who, after he fell in Love, got up again and wrote her a Love-letter.*

**ROSA**, who could command her dangerous features to express any passion which she did not feel, gave Mr. Twinkle so kind a look at parting from the inn, that any young gentleman, who had half as good an opinion of his own sweet person as Mr. Twinkle had, might take the first bit of chalk he came to, and write upon the wall, "I am the man," and believe what he writ to be one of those great truths which, some philosophers say, exist in the world. When Rosa came to the Swan the next morning (she had some reason for not bringing her horses to her father's house; because he had no room for them), she found two other young gentlemen at the stables; namely, Mr. Preston, and Mr.

Kay: she mounted her horse however, and rode out at the gate without taking any the least notice of either of them. Now, whether Rosa thought the horses looked as if they had a mind to tumble into the street, or that the street should give way and let her down, horse and all, into people's strong beer cellars; or that the pavement was so hot that, if she went gently over it, it would burn her horses toes; away she went from the Swan—perhaps she thought the bird looked as if he had a mind to fly at her out of the sign—away she galloped from the Swan, and never drew leather until she had cantered out of the throat of the town! Gullet would have been a more delicate expression, but let throat pass. “How charmingly she rides!” said young Mr. Preston. “I’ll tell you what,” said Mr. Kay; “if my honour were not engaged to a lady, Preston—but, upon second thoughts, I will not tell you what—but I wish I had seen the devil before I had seen Miss Smith!” “How charmingly



she rides!" said Mr. Preston. "I wish I was a horse with a side-saddle on my back; I should like of all things to run away with her." As soon as Rosa had galloped out of the town, she made her horse taste his bridle, by pulling it hard against his palate; the horse thought she wanted to get down; so he changed his galloping muscles for his walking ones. "William," said Rosa, turning round to her groom; "who were those two men that stood at the gate when we came away from the Swan?" "Young Mr. Preston, and young Mr. Kay, Ma'am," said William. "Which was Mr. Preston, William?" "He in a scarlet coat and a hunting cap, Ma'am: they came to me into the stable, and said they never saw two finer horses." "What horses did they mean, William?" "Our horses, Ma'am." "Did they know whose horses they were," said Rosa. "O yes, Ma'am, very well; and they said they came into the stable on purpose to look at them." "Do you lock the stable-

“Door of nights, William?” “Yes, Ma’am, I do that for my own security, as well as the horses’—I sleep in the hay-loft, Ma’am.” “In the hay-loft!” said Rosa; “what does the master of the inn mean by not lodging my servants better?” “It is a pretty good room, Ma’am, and I chose it myself to be near the horses. Mr. Preston said he would give a hundred guineas for my mare, Ma’am; and he had scarce got the words out of his mouth when she kicked at him; just for all the world as if she was vexed at having so small a price set on her!—Mr. Kay said he thought your horse was worth two hundred, and asked me for his pedigree. I had the pedigrees of both in my pocket-book, and to pleasure the gentlemen, I let them read their gin-and-ale-ogees, and they told me I had got some good blood in the stable.”

Rosa could not help laughing at poor William’s gin-and-ale-ogees, but galloped on and made no answer. It is a very odd thing that a sharp frost, that makes

all other roses wither, should make them bloom so in a lady's cheek—there, now, reader, we have begun a fine sentence and cannot end it: when we began the head of the paragraph, we meant to come in with something grand, like the sound of a trumpet, at the tail of it—but it won't do—so in plain English, what we would say is this, that Rosa, after trotting and galloping for two hours, came back to the Swan Inn, kept by John Stiff, dealer in spirituous horses, safe post chaises, skilful wines, and neat drivers; she came back to the Swan with such a fine red colour in her cheeks—such—such—very well, Mr. Antecedent, *such*—we beg your pardon, Sir, but you must for once be content to go without your relative.

O charming Rosa! we wish we could take thee out of our book, and kiss thee, and put thee in again! But we should love thee better if thou hadst not so much malice and hatred within thine heart! Ah, reader, you don't know Rosa

as well as we do yet ; but we fear all her beauty will not pay her ransom with you when you do. As she rode towards the Swan, she had the misfortune—for to do a man a mischief is certainly a misfortune—Rosa had the misfortune to meet young Esquire Preston on his return from hunting—Alas for poor Squire Preston ! he trotted his horse directly into the focus of her charms, where every ray of beauty was collected with its fellows into one sharp point—through it went in a moment, through coat, waistcoat, under-waistcoat, shirt, flesh, skin, and bone, directly into his heart ! He trotted on, however, without speaking one word ; for what should a man have to say when he is run through the body ?

The business of two young gentlemen was now completely done ; one, Sir Robert Twinkle's son, and one, the son and heir of Mr. Preston. Reader, you look as if you had got the colic, or wanted to ask a question—is any thing the matter with you, Sir ?—One word, if

you please, Master Mathers.—Welcome, reader, if it is not a word and a blow—what is it that lies so hard at your stomach? Put your case, and we will get a tetrachymagogon ready mixed, that will quiet the stomach of Mount Etna. If physic kills a man, he is cured of all disorders.—One word, Sir, by your leave—Pray, what had Mr. and Mrs. Smith done to deserve this contemptuous usage in their neighbourhood? Why reader, to do justice to all parties, we must confess that Mr. Smith had in the first place voted against an enclosure of the parish; and a large part of his property being in the common fields of his the said parish, he had it in his power to turn the scale single-handed; for, the Vicar, Mr. White-eye, excepted, all the great folks in the neighbourhood had estates, in the planet Saturn some, and others in the Georgium Sidus; they were tenants only of the places in which they lived, and their vast possessions lay beyond the powers of Herchel's forty-

foot reflector. Now to see such a little man as Mr. Smith govern the parish made the said great folks very angry.—In the next place, Mr. Smith had written and published a satire on the vices and irreligion of the times, and had flogged the higher classes of society without mercy for not setting the lower orders better examples. Now the great folks in the neighbourhood being neither very religious, nor very moral, got a good deal of salt rubbed into their sore places. Except the good example which Mr. Smith himself set, these were the crying sins of which he the said Mr. Smith was guilty: yes, he was a man of wit and learning, certainly, which was no very great recommendation, and did not bring him in much of the good-will of his neighbours—as for Mrs. Smith, if she had no faults of her own, her husband had enough for himself and her too—she was set down, however, for a vulgar woman, who pickled one thing and preserved another, made salves and plasters,

and looked well to the affairs of her family: a mere country lady, who kept holy the sabbath-day, attended morning and evening church, and always had roast-beef and plum-pudding on a Sunday. So the fine folks in the place put her to the use for which she was by nature intended, and laughed at her as often as she came in their way.

Now reader, if you please, we will return to our heroine, who was, as we have said, bred amongst the best people, introduced amongst those who rank the first in manners, if not in morals, by her gay aunt, and moved in the first circles of elegant society. She had beauty, wit, and the finest breeding in the world, and was now become the mistress of her aunt's vast fortune, and came, herself an army, to fight the battles of her poor father and mother; and, to say not a little, the havoc she made was equal to her malice and appetite for revenge!

When the indignities, which had been put upon her family, came into her

mind, Rosa would throw herself upon her bed, and cry, as if it would break her heart, for an hour together! She felt every taunt in the tenderest part; for, let her faults be what they might, she certainly loved her father and mother, and every scorn that was cast upon them fell like a coal of fire into her bosom. And now, reader, take advice from what we are going to say: Rosa herself had a sad habit of laughing at such, whose manners and breeding were inferior to her own: if a lady had been known to mend her own stockings, pickle a walnut, make a marmalade, preserve an apricot, make any sorts of waters, or give directions how such things should be done or made, she was fine lady enough to make them her jest.

Now observe, reader, the stone came home to the window of her who was very apt to break other people's: this gave Rosa the keener anguish; her own conscience laying her bosom bare to receive the wound. There was no vulgar ingre-



dient in Rosa's family, either on her father's or mother's side, that could offend the nicest taste; Rosa's relations were such as Rosa herself was proud to own; but it was a very sad affair for Rosa to find those very things in her own, which she had laughed at in other people's houses. Lord! how grave folks would look in the world, if none laughed at others but those who had nothing ridiculous in themselves! and how merry if every body laughed that had! Now remember, reader, we do not defend or excuse Mr. Smith for making satires, or Mrs. Smith for making corn-salves, marmalades, pies, or puddings; all these things may be sins, and scarlet ones too in their way—suppose a pigeon-pie was proved upon the Marchioness of Eight Stars, or a suet-pudding was brought home to the Duchess of Ten Stars, their blushes would appear through their paint. And in regard to writing satires, and quarrelling with the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful

lusts of the flesh, what is it but to offend one's neighbours, and declare war at once against the best part of mankind? —Wherefore we must be candid to own that Mr. and Mrs. Smith had their faults; but, taking them in a lump, they did not quite deserve to be pelted out of the neighbourhood. However, after all, we may be too partial: we are, we confess, written in the number of Mr. Smith's friends; and friendship, as well as love, is apt to get into people's eyes, and make them wink at faults and extenuate even deadly sins. But it is time to pull up the sluice, and let our history flow; and, in order to it, it appears by what hath just now been said, that Rosa had rode on a full gallop into the heart of Mr. Thomas Preston; and do whatever he could for his heart, he could not turn her and her horse out again. Now to have a woman on horseback in a man's heart must be a very troublesome matter; but love does strange things, and may turn a man's heart into a stable for any

thing we know to the contrary! We must leave Mr. Thomas Preston, however, in this odd situation at present, and turn our style to Mr. Twinkle, whose heart, like a kitchen grate, had a huge fire made in it, which fire Rosa stirred as often as she came near him. Love is a sad plague, that's the truth of it; a man had better have his shins kicked a great deal than come near it: a broken heart is worse than a broken shin at any time in the day, except seven o'clock in the morning. Rosa, by the help of her own and her mother's maid, had let cats out of a hundred bags in the neighbourhood; two tattling gossips that, have what faults they might, had neither of them any impediment in their speech. "That is the young gentleman my mistress admires so much!" said Mary to Betty one day, in Mr. Twinkle's hearing; and they took occasion to give good Master Thomas Preston a dose of the same poison at another opportunity. Now it came to pass that the said Mr. Twinkle stood

tottering on the very brink of love when Mary gave him this push, and the young gentleman, the unfortunate young gentleman, upon this push aforesaid, fell directly into it. "O if she is in love with me!" said the enraptured swain—"I hesitate no longer—whether the devil be her father, Alecto, Tisiphoné, or Megæra her mother, it matters not one feather of Cupid's wing—down sat the young gentleman, dipped his pen in fire, which singed the paper as he wrote, and indited out of hand a love-letter to Rosa.

As soon as he had written it he read it all over; love had made him eloquent: charmed with his own wit, he folded up the epistle, sealed it with his best seal—but while he was squeezing the wax with all his might, a cold chill seized his heart; just as if a man had taken it out of his waistcoat and pumped upon it in a sharp frosty morning. The thought that he should make proposals of marriage to the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, the scorn, the contempt, and the jest of him-

self and the neighbourhood, notwithstanding his amorous heat, made him shiver as if the wind from the Riphæan Hills had blown upon his soul! Love, the philosophers say, is a fire, and the philosophers also say, that wind makes fire burn the fiercer; and let what wind might blow upon his the said Mr. Twinkle's soul, it did but serve to make love burn the more. It was night when he wrote his letter, and he, after playing with all this fire, went to bed; but what the consequences were we cannot say—this we can say, however, that the amorous young gentleman got up in the same mind in which he went to bed; and—lord! what silly things young men do—without further consideration or advice, gave the letter to Rosa's maid, whom he found at the Swan the next morning! This letter, reader, now lies upon our desk; but it is an act of charity to the writer's intellects to suppress it altogether.

Rosa, who had often received letters

of this sort before this day, took the letter from Mary, read it in her presence—yes, read it aloud, and this to make Mary her confidante; and, as soon as she had read it, kissed Mr. Twinkle's name, put, with all humility, at the bottom of his epistle. "Mary," said Rosa, with a malicious grin—the grin had a viper in it—"Mary," said Rosa, "this kiss must not be lost." Mary knew her cue—the kiss soon reached the enraptured young gentleman's ear: an answer to his note soon followed, which was artfully contrived to give him every hope—with the most earnest entreaty that what had passed should be kept at present the profoundest secret. Rosa told him, amongst other things, that the authors of the puppet-show, exhibited lately at her father's door, were all known, and by whose contrivance the monstrous carrot came to her mother at a certain person's table—hints at other matters followed, all which Rosa knew would sting Mr. Twinkle to the quick.

Rosa never eat gingerbread-nuts with greater pleasure—and she loved gingerbread dearly too—she never eat gingerbread-nuts with greater pleasure than what she felt when she read and answered his gallant epistle. Her father and mother, she told him, were extremely enraged at their treatment in these and other things; and added, that it would take a great deal of time to bring them to any humour to hear a word of his proposals. Now Rosa, instead of keeping this matter any secret, took care that it should be universally known; and, amongst other ears, it came to those of Sir Robert and Lady Twinkle.

## CHAP. XI.

*Some Account of Sir Robert and Lady Twinkle's ears. Rosa goes to a Ball; is known by Lord and Lady Beamystar. Lord Beamystar's Reflections on Mr. Smith.*

AH! what a nice thing the human ear is! If you take care what you say, you may do what you please. Well, and so far all is right enough; for who is to know what shocking things people do if nobody talks about them? Let sin and silence go together: the ear of the age is very moral, and that's the reason why folks do things they are ashamed to hear of, and that is a sign of great modesty. How pretty a blush looks! but it springs like a rose from a dung-hill, out of something unclean. To come to Sir Robert and Lady Twinkle's ears; when they heard that their son had written a letter to Rosa, their ears



tingled. As soon as their ears had done tingling they sent for their son, whose ears, when he heard that his father and mother had found matters out, tingled too. Now, although it was no very new thing for Mr. William Twinkle to look like a fool, having been one of old, the fool was never more at the full in him, than when taxed by both papa and mamma with his love-letter to Rosa. He denied it flatly, when Sir Robert produced the very letter, which Rosa said—believe her who would—she had lost out of her bosom. To be caught in a lie did not bring much wisdom back into Mr. William Twinkle's face if any had ever ran away from it—he was struck dumb and motionless however; and by what post his letter came to his father's hands he could by no means divine: he ventured to believe his own eyes, be the matter as it might, so far as not to deny his own hand-writing. This was a sad affair; and we fear the reader will

blame Rosa very much for her conduct in this thing : it had been well for the family if the business had ended here. After a severe lecture from both father and mother—for one stood at one of poor Mr. Twinkle's ears, and the other at the other—and the heaviest threats, if this love affair were continued, the young gentleman walked out of the room, with the owl, emblem of wisdom, seated on his shoulders. It was more, however, than the power two tongues amounted to could effect, to talk love out of Mr. Twinkle's heart : the very next thing he did was to write a note to Rosa, and tell her what sad mishap had befallen them, which she answered in like tragic strain, and said, that the letter, by some unfortunate accident, had fallen out of her bosom. That the letter should fall out of Rosa's bosom, when it had never been in it, was something odd—O Rosa, Rosa !—To be told by his mistress, that his letter had lain in her bosom, poured a large quantity

of oil on the fire of Mr. William Twinkle's love: father and mother, threats and injunctions, flew, like feathers, in the air; nothing had any weight with Mr. Twinkle, but Rosa and his love.

Now it came to pass that there was a market-town near this place, and in the market-town was a town-hall, and in this town-hall an assembly was soon to be holden. Now a ball-room is the ladies' field of battle; here they come armed, and meet young men on purpose to kill them. Rosa persuaded her mother to go with her, as it is not the custom for a chicken to come into such places without an old hen. Mrs. Smith was proud of her daughter, and glad enough of an opportunity to show so much beauty, grace, and elegance to the county. Mr. Smith could not be persuaded to go with them, forasmuch as Plato and Xenophon, Aristotle and Isocrates, not being very fond of country dances, he could not expect to find

them in a ball-room; though, if Rosa had extended her snowy arms, and given one of the aforesaid grave gentlemen one of her bewitching smiles, he must have more philosophy than we can give him credit for, not to have been tempted into a waltz.

Mrs. Smith—there was a charming mother for you, reader! who, to bring about her own ends, did just as her daughter bade her!—Mrs. Smith—if we thought it possible that such a thing as vanity could exist in a female bosom—Mrs. Smith, we should guess, felt this unusual sensation, when she entered the ball-room with the blooming Rosa. Miss Smith, used to gay scenes, and bred up from her childhood amongst superior people, towered above the country misses in ease, elegance, and dress, as well as transcendant beauty. Rosa walked into the assembly room with a lofty air and a smile of contempt, which the Court alone ~~put~~ put into a lady's countenance. What! had Rosa

nothing tickles a lady's heels like a fiddle ; the music struck up, as folks phrase it, and the capering began, when Lord Beamystar engaged the beautiful Rosa in the dance. Rosa was the talk of the room : the gentlemen praised her to show their taste, and the ladies praised her to please the gentlemen, who called her an angel ; and the ladies wished they could have made their words good, for then they would have shook their aprons at her, cried shu, shu, shu, and frightened her into the clouds ; for what business could an angel have in a ball-room, shining and putting all the ladies out of countenance ?—None at all. Rosa danced two dances with Lord Beamystar, and then sat down. Presently Mr. Twinkle appeared before her, made his speeches, his grins, and his bows, and begged for the honour of dancing with her. She said a report had taken air, which she, whatever might be her real sentiments, wished to control : she refused his offer, and

begged he would cease to address her in public. Mr. Twinkle retired, well knowing, as he thought, poor man ! her real sentiments. Young Mr. Preston was then introduced to her by Lord Beamystar, by the said young gentleman's desire. Rosa, on being asked, agreed to dance with him ; and young Preston had better have danced with the devil. Rosa was a great talker, had an amazing run of tongue ; she chatted away to young Preston without drawing bit, the whole of the two dances which he had engaged her for, and filled the silly fellow's head with such fine notions of himself, and her admiration of him ; praised him in what he said, praised him in the dance, and left him at parting completely intoxicated.

Now, whether women or wine get into a man's head, it is a sad thing to be made drunk !—Poor Preston had got his dose, as the reader will see in the course of a few flirts of the pen. Got his dose ! that is a very vulgar expression,

and inelegant, especially where a fine young lady is concerned! Could not you rather have said that the fire of Rosa's merits scorched the young gentleman's heart through the burning-glass of her eye: Or that the great spit of Rosa's beauty pierced the young man's heart, like the heart of an ox, and laid it down and roasted it at the fire of love? Which you please, reader, which you please; though the last metaphor smells very strongly of the butcher's shop and the kitchen. To proceed:—After dancing, folks get hungry, especially the old ladies, who have nothing else to do but sit by and think of their insides: one now came with a cloth in his hand, and said supper was ready for the knife. This ball was given upon a public matter, and the victuals and the wines were excellent. What a pleasure there is in eating and drinking when a man or a woman is not hungry! when the palate is only consulted in the matter. What a noble

area of sense! How suited to a variety of pleasure! There are salt pleasures, and sweet pleasures, and acid pleasures, and a commixture of all these, in which even bitter comes as a pleasant ingredient, and puts in something to the harmonious combination! When a rich sauce, which is an harmony of flavours, touches a man's tongue, how delightful is the sensation! He holds out his hand, he raises his eye to the ceiling, he swallows it down, and crieth out, Hah! hah!—it is good, yea, it is very exceeding good!—How people eat and drink and take no thought for to-morrow! The tavern bill comes first, and the doctor's bill comes after it, as its servant, whose office it is to set things right in a man's house after the master hath thrown all into disorder. O temperance! with a bit of bread in one hand and a cup of cold water in the other. You are in the right, old gentlewoman, not to sacrifice the constitution to the palate! Ah, if rosy wine, and



the rosy cheek, always went together! And ah!—now our hand is in for interjections—if the palate and the stomach would but be better friends together, and did not cross one another's interests! And oh!—open your mouth, reader—and oh!—wider—and oh!—wider still—and oah!—that's better—we have seen the mouth of an oven; but let that pass—setting dinner aside, you will do nothing at supper if you don't open your mouth. — And o—h! if aching heads, burning hands, pulses at 200, and sick stomachs, did but come into mind—what then? why then, reader, aching heads, burning hands, pulses at 200, and sick stomachs, would not come into the body. What communion is there between temperance and a tavern-keeper?—They are as good friends as honesty and a horse-race. What is temperance? What is temperance, reader? Why, it is a stout stand against a grand pull. What's honesty? Put your hand into your neighbour's

pocket, and draw it out empty. But what hath all this to do with Bacchus? \* That is true, reader, if you say nothing. To return to the ball-room;—and we showed but little taste in running away from a good supper—folks sat down to it like men of business: the conflict was cruel and dreadful; but we must draw a veil over thrusts, and stabs, and cuts, and wounds, naked bones, and scattered limbs, gashes vast, tremendous havoc and destruction: these things are shocking to humanity.

What hath a full glass of wine to do with a wish, reader; can you tell? If you drink and wish at the same time, it is called by some folks a toast. Must a bottle or two of wine go down the red lane before a man can get what he wants? Some men don't like wine, and drink against their wills; if a man of this taste decants two bottles into his stomach, he gets what he does not want,

\* *Απὸς δειπνῆς.*

and wishes the toast were at the devil.—  
A good health to you, Sir! I drink too much, to show that I would make myself sick with all the pleasure on earth to serve you. Drinking, however, is not the vice of the age; a man may name it, therefore, without offending the ears of modest folks, who cannot hear a vice named without blushing, even if it be not their own. Modesty is never ashamed of herself; she is not come to such a pitch of impudence as that; or she would blush to bring shame on all such as are indecent enough to speak against the faults of others; but of these things thus far. To return:—Rosa was invited to join Lord Beamy-star's party, which was a large one—for a great man always brings a great deal of one thing or another along with him—and they seized upon the upper end of the table, when Mrs. Smith, whom Rosa would by no means leave, was placed amongst the great people.

Mrs. Smith had eat a bit of supper,

before now, much more at her ease at home; but the honour was great to sit and converse with Lady Beamystar, who was very kind to her, and showed her much attention. This was seen by Mrs. Smith's neighbours, who were all there, and they had quite as lieve seen Mrs. Smith amongst the ducks in the middle of a horse-pond. But we must hasten to the end of this chapter—there are fourteen or fifteen pages in it already—we must beg the reader's patience, however, for another page or two, before we shut it up. That sad moment now arrived, when, by some signal, the ladies and gentlemen are forced asunder. Rosa, whose tongue ran like a post-horse, every where, and on every subject, had explained as much of her father and mother's situation in that neighbourhood, to Lord Beamystar, as made for her purpose; who, with his party, were on a visit at the Marquis of \* \* \* \* \*'s, in the county of Five Stars; yes, as much as made for

her purpose ; for she, knowing the good heart of the Earl, expected—and she did not miss the matter—that he would make a few observations upon the usage Mr. and Mrs. Smith met with in that part of the world.

As soon as the ladies were gone, Rosa grew to be the subject of conversation amongst the gentlemen: her health was drank, and some expressed their admiration of one of her beauties, some of another ; so that Rosa was pulled to pieces, and admired part by part, and then put together again, and raised every one's admiration as a whole—and this is what some folks, who talk fine, call synthesis and analysis. The talk now, by an easy descent, rolled down hill to Rosa's father and mother, when Lord Beamystar, casting his eyes towards some, whom he knew, by Rosa's instructions, to be Mr. Smith's neighbours, asked them some questions, addressing himself to Sir Philip Mildenall, and Sir Robert Twinkle, who happened

to sit near the Earl, when they began to cast Mr. Smith aside, as one whom nobody knew; or, if any did, none were willing to acknowledge much acquaintance with.

The Earl said he knew many of Mr. Smith's relations to be people of the first families; had heard him spoken of as a man of great worth and learning; but as one who spent much of his time amongst his books. "Now you talk of books, my Lord," said Sir Philip, "have you seen a publication of his; if your Lordship has not, we have, and give him very little credit for it." "You mean, Sir," said the Earl, "a satirical work, written on the vices and irreligion of the age?" "The very same," said Sir Philip, "has your Lordship by any chance seen the book?" "I have," said the Earl, "and read it through twice or three times." "May we beg for your Lordship's opinion of the thing?" said Sir Robert Twinkle. "I am one," said the Earl, "who take

leave to judge for myself; and must say, before I read the commendations of the reviews upon it, I thought it a very well written thing. The satire of the work is, I know, aimed very much at us in high life, and I am glad of it: I think we quite deserve it, gentlemen; and it is my intention to call on Mr. Smith, before I leave this county, and thank him for this his book. It deserves public thanks; for it is written in defence of our best interests—I confess I am lashed amongst the rest, and I thank Smith for it; for I am sure his intention is that we should all be made better men. Since I have read Smith's book I have put an end to card parties, on Sunday nights, at my house in town and country; and make it a rule, instead of such things, let who will be with me, to have a sermon read to all my family. Since I have read Smith's satire, I have made it a rule never to stay out late on Saturday nights; but to come home, and get my people to bed

in time, to enable them to get ready for church on Sunday morning. Smith has made me smart, I confess; but I know my own interest too well not to take his correction in good part; and I have collected a set of rules out of his book, which I am determined to practise in my family as long as I live. I shall not go on to say—it would be indecorous in me to make any show of myself—I shall not go on to say, what other changes Smith has wrought in me and my house—but my opinion of his book is, that it is a very good book; and, I repeat it, I will certainly call on him, and thank him for it, before I leave this county. I must beg to add, that if Mr. Smith is not received amongst you, gentlemen, on a respectable footing, I really think it a discredit to the neighbourhood. He is a man, I am told, of a very small fortune, and cannot contend with his more opulent neighbours in doing handsome things; but, if he lived in my neighbourhood, it would give me great



ELSMERE AND ROSA.

to partake of his ham and  
if he could not give me a better  
and see him at my house as often  
would come into it." The music  
now heard at a distance, and the  
tlemen all waited on the ladies in the  
l-room: Rosa, however, and her  
r, were gone before the dancing  
n again, as Mrs. Smith, not used  
the bustle of public places, com-  
ained of the head-ach.

## CHAP. XII.


*An Adventure of Mr. Smith : Rosa makes more  
Conquests : the Earl and Countess of Beaumystar  
pay Mr. and Mrs. Smith a Visit.*

**MR. SMITH** was at this time created one of the churchwardens of the parish ; and it so fell out that his office brought him upon some business to the Vicar's one morning, who, in fact, expected him upon the said business. Mr. White-eye, the Vicar, had a large party at his house that morning, and ground was laid to play poor Mr. Smith a trick : and so, reader, the trigger was pulled, and the trick went off very well ; but, as chance would have it, the piece recoiled upon one of the artillery-men, and did much mischief to him and another, who was standing by.

We now proceed to tell the story. Mr. Smith—who lived amongst his

books, and had little suspicion of what mischief his daughter Rosa had already done in the neighbourhood—Mr. Smith mounted his buggy, and proceeded, with much gravity, after his horse's tail, to pay the Vicar, Mr. White-eye, a visit, on some church matter, of no consequence to us in the present tense, reader, or like to be in the future. Arrived at the Vicarage, he promised a little boy a penny, if he would take care of his horse and buggy; for they were not likely to be invited either into coach-house or stable, while their master was there on business, if he had staid until Mr. White-eye had converted the Jews: for Mr. Smith's book, and his vote upon the inclosure business, stuck in the Vicar's throat, like two cross bars in a bird-cage.—We are afraid you don't like that simile, reader; but, if you don't, we agree very well for all that, for, to say the truth, we don't like the simile neither. Upon Mr. Smith's entering the room, the servant announced

him aloud, "The churchwarden, Sir, is here!" Mr. Smith made his bow on coming into the room, which nobody returned, so he had all his bow to himself. After sitting, standing might be agreeable, so Mr. Smith stood at the door, in a very cold day, with a roll of papers in one hand, and his hat in the other. Amongst others in the room were Sir Philip and Lady Mildenall, Mr. and Mrs. Preston, Mr. Henry Kay, Mr. and Mrs. Morer, and young Mr. Mildenall. Now, in order to get Mr. Smith more within shot, Mrs. White-eye called him to a chair in the midst of the party, where all that was said might be heard by him, the said Mr. Smith. Their victim was now placed on very advantageous ground. Mr. Smith saw a smile in every face; and the comedy now began. Sir Philip Mildenall, speaking across the room, said, "Well, Mrs. White-eye, have you seen the Beauty?" She had heard a good deal about her, Mrs. White-eye said; but she had only



seen her at a distance. Mr. Smith, not knowing whom they meant by *the beauty*, asked Mr. Mildenall, who sat next him, who the beauty was? "O," said Mr. Mildenall, "a gay lady, who has lately made her appearance in the neighbourhood, a handsome girl, certainly; but she looks like what she is: you may have seen her, Sir?" "No," said Mr. Smith, "I go out very seldom, and know very little about the neighbourhood, or the news in it."

"I think you must have seen her, Sir," said Sir Philip to Mr. Smith, with an arch leer. "I can have no reason for denying it, if I had, Sir," said Mr. Smith. "I should think," said Sir Philip, "it would be no little offence to a person of your grave complexion, to meet any lady of her description." Here there was a laugh. "I am not apt to take offence," said Mr. Smith, changing colour, "at every nuisance that comes in my way; this person, *then*, it seems, is a woman of bad cha-

racter?" This was answered with a laugh. Young Mr. Twinkle and Mr. Thomas Preston came in time enough to hear Mr. Smith say this; when Mr. Twinkle said, "Pray, Mr. Smith, what woman of bad character are you talking of?" "You must ask Sir Philip Mil-denall, Sir," said Mr. Smith; "it was he that introduced the matter. He was speaking of some lady, who is lately come into the neighbourhood, of very bad character, by his account; for he said it would be an offence to a man of my grave turn to meet her. He called her the Beauty: perhaps, Sir, this title of distinction will make the lady better known to you." "Yes, Sir," said young Twinkle, with an angry glare at Sir Philip, "it does indeed to me; and it is well it does not to you:" upon which, turning to Sir Philip, who did not hear what he had said to Mr. Smith, young Twinkle said, with some warmth, "I were less than a man, if I heard a young lady of virtue and beauty calumniated,

and did not defend her: it is false, Sir, she is not a lady of bad character." Sir Philip, not knowing how he could possibly have given Mr. Twinkle any offence, took it for granted that some one in the room had given him a hint, and that he was taking a part in the comedy. Sir Philip, giving young Twinkle a wink, said, "O ho! young Sir Knight, you have spurred your steed in time to aid a fair damsel in distress!" "By heaven, I'll not bear this," said young Twinkle; and, giving Sir Philip an angry look, added, "You shall hear further from me, Sir, you may depend upon it! Come out of the room this moment, Tom," said he, taking Mr. Thomas Preston by the arm, whom, at that time, he did not know to be his rival; "I'll make no disturbance here:" saying which, Mr. Twinkle and Mr. Thomas Preston left the room, and there was a loud laugh; for all thought young Twinkle to be in jest, except Mr. Smith, who sat still in a puzzle, not

knowing who the lady was, or having the least notion what farce was on the boards; but he was soon to be let into the riddle of it. A whisper now went round in praise of young Twinkle, and all agreed how well he had acted his part; but as he was not in the room when the farce was upon the stocks, none could guess how he could pick up his cue in it.

"She has one of the finest eyes and eye-brows I ever saw," said Mr. White-eye. "And what a shape!" said Mr. Preston. "How well she looks on horse-back," said Mrs. Preston." "What a pity such a fine young woman should run astray! It must be a sad grief to her friends whoever they are! She is come into very good keeping, however," said Mr. Morer. "She must make the best of her beauty while it lasts," said Mr. Preston. "She is allowed five hundred a year," said Mr. Henry Kay; "and, besides her gay servant, and two fine horses, has the command of a chariot."



ELSMERE AND ROSA.

grey horse which she rides is two hundred guineas," said Sir "The black mare her servant said Mrs. Morer, "is a very creature." "Very beautiful,!!" said Lady Mildenall; "but I like the black mare better than her grey one."

For Mr. Smith began to grow very uneasy; he could not but have some suspicion that they were talking about his daughter: this was observed, and it made the good folks about him very merry. Now Lady Alicia Grove having never been prevailed upon, by the most urgent entreaties, to allow Rosa to visit her parents—and it being a fixed rule of many years standing, that they should always come and see their daughter at her house only—Rosa's unexpected arrival at her father's house, and the mysterious account she gave of her aunt having gone some journey, and, instead of taking her, as usual, as her companion, giving her leave to come

two hundred miles to see her parents—the strange account Rosa gave of her hiring servants, and buying horses, in London, and other odd circumstances, all coming at this moment into Mr. Smith's mind, a cruel thought struck him that Rosa might have been seduced, and be at that moment the disgraceful property of some man of fashion and fortune, whom his neighbours, conversing much with the world, might know!

Well, reader, these good people followed him up, one with one feature, and another with another, until the picture was so finished a piece, that poor Mr. Smith arose, put his handkerchief to his eyes, and hurried out of the room.—A loud laugh followed him, which he heard as he ran down the stairs.

We shall leave this matter to your consideration, reader, without making a single remark upon it. As soon as this farce was ended at the Vicarage,

and every body had laughed as much as they chose, or as long as laughing was good, wine and sandwiches came in ; and, while the party were regaling themselves at the worthy Vicar's expense, the servant came in with a note for Sir Philip Mildenall. Sir Philip, making an apology, read the note, was seen to change countenance, said nothing, however ; but, putting the note into his pocket, told the servant he would send an answer in the evening. The party then began to make a question among themselves, who it was that had given young Mr. Twinkle a hint of the jest on foot. Now, upon every one in the room positively assuring the rest that no communication had been given by any one present, they were all much at a loss to account for the part which young Twinkle had acted, Sir Philip Mildenall alone excepted, who had just received a note from that young gentleman, offering him, the said Sir Philip Mildenall, two alternatives, either to make

an apology for what he had insinuated to the injury of Miss Smith's character; or to meet Mr. Twinkle at any time and place Sir Philip might choose. Of this matter, however, Sir Philip said nothing; but, presently giving orders for his carriage, he and Lady Mildenall left the room. Poor Mr. Smith drove his buggy home as fast as he could make old Diamond trot, who, it is like, could not divine what was come to his master; and, taking Mrs. Smith into his library, told her all that had passed at Mr. White-eye's house. Much talk passed between them, the result of which was, that Rosa had done some very wrong thing, and had been turned out of her aunt's house in disgrace: they further concluded, some very suspicious circumstances aiding and abetting such conclusion, that her beauty had furnished her with the secret means of such her gay appearance in their neighbourhood.

Rosa at that moment came in, and inquired hastily for her father; she ran

ELSMERE AND ROSA.

the library where she was told they  
and found her father and her  
in tears. Now, upon her return  
er morning ride, she had met

inkle and Mr. Thomas Preston  
ning from the Vicarage. Mr. Thomas  
ston, upon a hint given him by Mr.  
inkle, rode away, when Mr. Twinkle

Rosa what had happened at the  
house of the Reverend Mr. White-eye ;  
and what he had done, and meant fur-  
ther to do, in consequence of what had  
befallen there. She had not been long  
with her father and mother, before she  
found that she had a very difficult part  
to play. She found their minds engaged  
with very strong suspicions of her guilt ;  
and, notwithstanding all her address,  
she found at last, that there was but one  
way left to disentangle herself from  
those suspicions in which she was em-  
broiled : and, as a proof how strong a  
hold those suspicions had taken in the  
minds of her father and mother, even  
when she had recourse to such only way,

and told them that her aunt was dead, and she left the heiress to all her property, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Smith would believe one word she said ; and, it must be confessed, that they had pretty good reasons to disbelieve her, and of that the reader, we think, must be pretty well convinced.

Rosa felt her situation in every vein, and deserved to feel more than she did, and that is saying not a little, for deceiving her father and mother. She ran out of the room without speaking another word, and returned with a letter from Mr. Bartholemew Decastro, which Rosa was in duty bound to have delivered to her father as soon as she saw him ; but, for some reason, as yet unexplained to us, she had laid it in store for another day : the letter was this.

“ TO MR. SMITH.

“ GOOD FRIEND JOHN,

“ Your daughter comes with this letter ; she will answer all questions

ELSMERE AND ROSA.

I have no time to anticipate. The Lady is dead, and has left your young jade (a few legacies excepted) all that was worth in the world—I am ap-

**d her executor—I have executed all matters according to the will, and will set off into the north to-morrow. Mr Mathers will come to you soon with a proposal from your kinsman Grove-endermark, to buy your estate; you had best sell it, and come into the north; for your daughter, I warrant, will not object to you and her mother living with her in the old family mansion at Spade-oak. Your land lies in the middle of Grove's property in your parts; you had best sell it him, and then he may get an inclosure and make his property there a good thing. John Mathers, when he comes, will tell you more about this matter. My respects to Madam—look to that jill-flirt, your daughter; she will be snapt up else by one young scoundrel or another for the sake of her money.—The old woman was mad her-**

self, and had a mind to make the wench mad too, leaving her such a devil-and-all of property.

“ Yours,

“ BARTHOLOMEW DECASTRO.”

“ Old Hummums,  
Friday night.”

This letter, which indeed payed off the mortgage on Rosa's character, but with very little equity in redemption, brought her much blame for not delivering it sooner: the good news, however, which it contained soon let the sun out of the cloud, and brightened all matters up. The tears which Mr. and Mrs. Smith shed upon the memory of the old lady, who was ninety-five years of age when she died, burst like bubbles, and were seen no more: for what good can come of a miserable old wretch rattling her bones about in a bag in the world like a parcel of knife and fork handles, frightening men out of their wits and women into hysterics? We don't mean to say that Mr. and Mrs. Smith did not



pay due honour and due respect to the memory of their good old relation ; but they felt a little angry at not hearing the news sooner, because they would have been glad to have come in with their condolences as early as possible : orders, however, were immediately given for mourning, and Mr. and Mrs. Smith and all their family became as black in a few days, as if they had swept all their own chimneys. When an old creature dies, and leaves a great bag of the right sort of tackle in a man's family, in regard to the matter of tears, why, to be sure, they are carried out of the house in pails in the course of a few days, and then comes the mop, you know, reader, and mops up what was slopped over ; a man has not a damp house for any very great length of time : and as for a broken heart in these diseases, it is soon mended again, and it is as good as new every bit and crumb. No, no, we don't mean to say the tears in Mr. and Mrs. Smith's house ran out of the spouts and gutters, or

came powdering out at the sink-holes and ran along the street to make any vast show of troubled waters ; no, no—but there was what you may call, reader, what you may call a sort of a dry decent grief held at the thoughts of a noble house in town, a grand park and palace in the country, with the Lord knows how many thousand pounds per annum coming into the family when the old lady blew up.

But we must turn our engine to other matters : Rosa was now grown all on a sudden to be a very great lady, and folks began to be frightened at her : great as she was, however, she knelt down at her father's and mother's feet and begged their forgiveness for what was past ; having obtained what she asked for without a great deal of begging, she left the room, and retired to her apartment to answer a note which she had received from Mr. Thomas Preston, who had now declared himself her lover, and put his name, Thomas Preston, in all humility

at the foot of such his declaration. Rosa had now two protestant lovers ; for such they had gone so far as to protest themselves to be. Rosa could not marry both while either this or that were in existence ; but she led these young men on to think that each was the man of her choice. Now all was to be at present at a stand, and so remain until such time as she could obtain permission of her father and mother to change her situation. The affair at the vicarage added not a little to Rosa's malice, and she was glad to hear that Mr. Twinkle and Sir Philip Mildenall had engaged to fight a duel. Sir Philip, indeed, explained matters, and offered an apology, which, by Rosa's instigation, Mr. Twinkle refused ; and he went out with a determination to fight as long as he had power to pull a trigger ; the parties fired together, and Mr. Twinkle fell with a ball in his thigh—he then took his seat on the ground, and another pair of pistols were discharged, when Sir Philip Mil-

denall fell with a ball in his brains. Mr. Twinkle was then carried away in a fainting fit from loss of blood, and his wound was declared to be of a very dangerous nature. By these means Rosa cleared the neighbourhood of one family. Lady Mildenall, with her son and two daughters, followed the funeral of the unfortunate Sir Philip, and were seen no more in these parts. But Rosa's appetite for revenge was not yet satisfied. Whether such her appetite exceeded her provocations must be left to the reader's judgment: we shall fairly state all cases, and leave others to bring in their verdict.

A whisper now ran in the neighbourhood that some rich relation had died a short time since, and left Rosa a good fortune. Beauty strikes some, and money others; but when the forces of both beauty and money are united in one great blow, it comes down upon a man like a thunder-bolt! Rosa had now exposed her beauty at several balls in the neighbourhood, and lastly, had been in-

vited to spend a few days, by the desire of the Earl and Countess of Beamystar, at the Marquis of Ten Stars: here there was a large party staying in the house; and amongst others, a Mr. Edward Goose, son and heir to a family of that name in Mr. Smith's neighbourhood. Now in the eyes of this young gentleman, a beautiful woman was no more than a beautiful picture if she had no money in her pockets; which a picture very seldom has; but, hearing that Rosa had a great deal, and old Goose hearing the same, who loved to pick up cash as well as cocks and hens do barley, he, the said young Goose, upon a nudge on the side from old Goose, whipt a little bit of paper into one of Rosa's gloves, which he kissed, and returned into her hat that lay at his mercy in the Marquis of Ten Stars' hall ready for a walk. Now it came to pass that Rosa, thrusting her pretty fingers into one of them, felt their entrance into its leathern passages impeded by the said little bit of paper:

she drew it out, and read the same, and therein found young Goose her very ardent lover, and most humble servant at command!

Now amongst other sweetmeats wrapt up in this piece of paper, one came to signify that whereas young Mr. Twinkle, whom report gave out to be Rosa's admirer, was now given over by his physicians—which was indeed, we are extremely sorry to say, the fact—he, the said young Goose, taking Old Time by the hair on his forehead, saw no let why he might not put in a little bit of paper in good time for Rosa's approbation. Rosa was a sweet girl; she always had a sugar-plum ready for every mouth that opened upon her, and she tickled the gums and uvula of the said young Goose with a nice lozenge that made him smack his chops in raptures!—A deceitful hussey!—she chattered away to him, and made him think his wit was as bright as silver, and his person an Apollo of Belvidere.

Now Rosa's mamma had been ridiculed at Mr. Goose's house, and so she had a mind to return good for evil. Rosa's spite knew no bounds, her passion for doing mischief no limit: she put young Goose upon praying that poor Mr. Twinkle might die; the only bar held up between him and his ardent desires to play at chuck-penny with some of Rosa's guineas. But Mr. Twinkle did not die at that time; for, being by nature a stout young fellow, he soon began to recover, and in a short time grew well. Where any jest had been played off upon Rosa's father or mother, that way the very fury of Rosa's fiercest arrows was directed. She wished young Mr. Twinkle might die with all her soul, and was not a little mortified at finding him likely to recover! If one knock on the head will not settle a man, two sometimes will. Rosa held the bludgeon ready in her hand, if he should recover, to give the young man t'other touch:—and, in order to it, she now confessed

to Mr. Thomas Preston, what she had denied to serve a turn before, that young Mr. Twinkle was indeed his rival, and that having seen and known more of him, she said Mr. Thomas Preston, she heartily repented of the promises she had made Mr. Twinkle, who now stood second in her esteem; by which, and the like means, she so contrived matters as to foment a sad quarrel between these two young gentlemen, before very particular friends; and, to cut matters short, Mr. Thomas Preston shot poor Mr. Twinkle through the heart.

One of the furies turned loose in this neighbourhood would have been quite the gentlewoman put by the side of Rosa! The neighbourhood was now on fire, and it was soon known who it was that struck the spark into it and set it in flames. The cause of the quarrel between Mr. Thomas Preston and Mr. Twinkle soon came to the ears of both their families, and some aggravated circumstances coming out in the account



of Mr. Preston's challenge, made it very prudent for that young gentleman to make the best of his way out of England. Now the old hen being fond of her chicken, and the old cock being fond of the hen, Mr. and Mrs. Preston left the neighbourhood and accompanied their son into Italy, where they now continue to reside. Good heavens! reader, here are eighteen pages in this chapter of our own writing, and perhaps more now they are printed; we must stop here, and put Lord and Lady Beamystar's visit to Mr. and Mrs. Smith into the next, or we may chance to overload your stomach, and make you sick.

## CHAP. XIII.

*Rosa's Fame reaches the Ears of Mr. and Mrs. Smith : the Earl and Countess of Beamystar's Visit at Mr. Smith's : the Confusion of Mr. Smith's Neighbourhood : Rosa creates Disturbances amongst the married Men.*

**ROSA'S** fame reaches the ears of Mr. and Mrs. Smith ; why, you don't mean her father and mother's ears ? Yes, we do, reader, by this sheet of paper !—In the first place there is no wit in swearing, and in the next, pray, what could Mr. and Mrs. Smith have done with their ears not to have heard of her fame before ?—In the first place, we don't care if there be no wit in swearing, if there be any wit in this sheet of paper ; and in the next place, reader, we never said that Rosa's fame never came into the ears of Mr. and Mrs. Smith before, which it might have done, and reached their ears

now for all that. However, it does not follow that because some things had reached their ears, that therefore all things had reached their ears, for then there would have been a great deal of reaching of ears indeed: but some things had not reached their ears, and one reason was, because nobody had told them of the said things. A man must go abroad to learn what is done in his own house; for, light as many candles as he will, he is very often in the dark in it. There is no daily paper published in one room to bring intelligence what is done in another: an extract of a letter from the kitchen would bring great news sometimes to the good folks in the parlour; and if a postman were to blow his horn upon a gentleman's staircase, and let him know what folks were doing over his head, it would make his hair stand on end! The Smiths were told that Rosa was the cause of all the mischief that had disturbed the families in the neighbourhood; and though Mrs. Smith,

who owed the neighbourhood a scratch and a bite, would have been glad to have put the neighbourhood into raised crust, and given it a good baking, or have seen the devil turn pastry-cook and done it for her; yet—Hollo, Mr. Though!—Here I am, Mr. YET! The relative and the antecedent calling out, reader, that one may just know the other is not out of hearing—YET Mr. Smith, notwithstanding they rode him and wrung him at the vicarage, took Rosa into his library, and gave her a long lecture upon the sad events that had taken place in the vicinity.

To speak about mischief after it is done, is not quite the best way to prevent it, some think: Mr. Smith, however, who was a very learned man, might think otherwise. It is a potted maxim with us, reader—forasmuch as maxims, like beef, may be potted down for future use—it is a potted maxim with us, reader, and the maxim hath kept very well—it is a potted maxim with us, reader, that—

what were we talking about? Stand at this bush, reader, and take care no scoundrel steals our coat and waistcoat, hat and wig, while we run back in a moment to the beginning of the sentence, just to see what it was that we set off upon. O, now we have it—the maxim which we had salted down for use was this—videlicet—that—a pestilence upon those two pugnacious pronouns—Pronoun! I am no pronoun—We beg your pardon, good master conjunction THAT—it was our mistake—but an ass and a fool are so alike, that a man may mistake the one for the other without any offence to you, Mr. Sir—yes, our maxim is this, that to gird up our loins and set about preventing any mischief after it is done, is getting into the afternoon of the matter. Mr. Smith said he was sorry to hear that there had been a great deal of quarrelling in the neighbourhood, and that she, Madam Rosa, had, one way or another, been the cause of all; he went on to say that he insisted upon it—adding

many injunctions and much advice—that she behaved with every caution and every care, attractive as she was both in person and property, throwing out no allurements on the one hand, and giving no false encouragement on the other.

“My dear papa,” said Rosa, “in the first place I cannot help my aunt’s dying and leaving me all her estates; and in the next, if I am a pretty woman, I cannot help that—then what have I to do with a pack of coxcombs if they please to quarrel and knock one another on the head?” “I am sorry,” said Mr. Smith, “to hear you speak so lightly on these matters, Rosa: two gentlemen have now lost their lives, and two families been made wretched, which, as far as I can learn, had not happened if you had not come into this place. The being bred in the gay world, as you have been, my dear child, may sear the feelings and benumb the heart: duels may be pleasant matter for conversation, and death

a jest amongst those whom you may have been in the daily habits of conversing with ; but to me, who am not so far unsouled as this, such things are horrible! Young Mr. Twinkle, now poor man no more, addressed you, as I am told : how came I not to know this, Rosa ?”

“ Lord ! papa, I have had twenty addresses from one fop or another ; but never having a thought to favour any, I never had a thought to plague you, my dear papa, with such nonsense. The first gentleman that sent me a note set me in a flutter ; and I ran and told my poor aunt all about it. ‘ Do you like him ? ’ said she : ‘ I can’t bear him, said I ; ’ ‘ Then never tease me about such stuff,’ said she, ‘ any more.’ I got used to it after that, papa, and cared no more for a love-letter than for a bit of whitey-brown paper : and as for duels, we, in the world, are used to them, and feel no more on the thing than a great statesman who reads of eight or ten thousand men killed in a gazette. We must all

die one day, papa; and, as to duels, the sooner a fool is stopt in his folly the better, for the longer he lives the worse it is for him. Besides, we have a great many fools to spare: and, one fool eats twice as much as would keep two wise men—they waste good victuals—and as none but fools fight duels, duels give us a good riddance and save meat: duels make us philosophers, papa; they teach us to look upon death with indifference.”

Rosa had a rattling tongue, and could talk ten times as fast as her papa, aye, or ten papas put together. The words came out of her mouth like a pack of hounds when the huntsman throws open the kennel-door to go a hunting. A pretty woman's mouth compared to the door of a dog-kennel—a beautiful similitude! Very well, reader, you may quilt one frown over another on the counterpane of your forehead if you please; but we dare engage for it, that such a com-



pliment as that was never yet paid any lady, even at court.

Mr. Smith expressed himself sadly shocked at the light manner in which Rosa treated such a dreadful subject as murder. Rosa said a gentleman killed in a duel was not said by the world to be murdered—it was letting a man into another world in a genteel manner. Murder had nothing to do with it; the law sometimes gets up and growls at it, but lies down and goes to sleep again. Her papa was almost the only man in the world whom Rosa would listen to for three moments. He made her sit down, and gave her a lecture that lasted for half an hour. As soon as it was over, Rosa said, that if they staid in that neighbourhood she was sure more mischief would come; and added, that now her aunt was dead the sooner they left it the better; asking her father, with an arch look, if he and her mamma would have any objections to come and live with her

in a better at Spade-oak. In regard to her mamma, however, it would be no easy matter to bring her to a mind to leave the village of Three Stars, she was sure ; but if her papa could be got in a mind to do so, her mamma, perhaps, would come over for company.

Mr. Smith stared at Rosa, and was at a loss to think what had changed Mrs. Smith's mind in this matter from wishing to stay in, instead of wishing to get out of the neighbourhood. In regard to himself, his native place, Spade-oak happened to be that place in all the world which he preferred to every other ; and he was not a little rejoiced at the request made him by his daughter to come and reside in it ; and he could not refrain from a few tears of joy upon the occasion. " Well, papa," said Rosa, " I will go directly to my mamma, and do all I can to persuade her to come into the north, and if I want help, will come back again and fetch you, papa, to second me in the business." Lord!

what a difficulty there is in persuading folks to do what they like!—Rosa soon ran back to fetch her papa, and then they both, uniting all their whole strength, brought Mrs. Smith by main force to do the very thing, which of all other things in the world she was almost dying to do.—Rosa then fell a laughing, and said, “Look, mamma, I told you I would bring the matter about, did not I?”—A tittering hussey! if we could get at her this moment, we would give her a good pinch in the back.

Now it came to pass that Mr. Smith wrote a letter to his old friend, Mr. Grove of Hindermark, and told him, he was willing to enter into treaty with him for the sale of his estate in the parish of Three Stars, being and lying—But of these things thus far. Rosa’s thirst for revenge, notwithstanding all the mischief she had done, and caused to be done, was so far from satiated, that she fell into a dropsy upon it—not in body, no, no, that fine work of nature took no

damage—not in body, but in mind ; the more she swallowed, the more she thirsted. A feigned partiality expressed in ambiguous terms kept young Goose in a fool's paradise, while she held him in daily expectation of the consent of her friends to admit a lover. If he disclosed matters to them it would be fatal to his suit—he must rest contented for a little, and leave all to her management : hope is the food on which a lover lives, and young Mr. Goose had as much as he wanted at present. Rosa in the mean time levelled her malice at the vicarage ; and she could have found it in her heart to have burned the place down, though it stood close to the church, which she seemed to think could do quite as well without Mr. White-eye's precept or example.

Mr. White-eye—how could the man be such a fool ?—Mr. White-eye, had at different balls and places where he had met Rosa, but more especially at the Marquis of Ten Stars, shown her some attention. O Rosa, Rosa ! She encouraged

this, and said, amongst other things of like flavour, she could not tell why, but she thought Mrs. White-eye the happiest woman in the world!—A chattering, coaxing hussey!—She could let Mr. White-eye catch her looking at him; she contrived that he should hear her sigh!—And could you have guessed, reader, that the man could be such an egregious ass as to be inveigled step by step into a confession of an attachment to Rosa?—Mrs. White-eye was an invalid, he said—she could not live long; at least he hoped she could not—and if Rosa could wait till the detested impediment were removed, how happy should he be, and the like. The moment a letter expressed to the like effect, and full of idle raptures, came to Rosa's hand, the business was done; she enclosed the letter, keeping herself a copy, to Mrs. White-eye, and rent the vicarage from top to bottom. The house fell into two pieces, reader; one piece went away, never to return, in the shape of Mrs. White-eye, and the

other remained to instruct and set a bright example of conjugal fidelity to the neighbourhood!

Rosa, who was invited by the Marchioness of Ten Stars to join their party at the earnest request of the Countess of Beamystar, was, during her stay there, invited with the rest of the party to several entertainments; and amongst others, to Mrs. Morer's, who gave a ball in return for one given by the Marchioness. At this ball it was that Rosa danced with Mr. Kay; and the story of Mr. White-eye being now hot in the public ear, Mrs. Kay wished in her heart that Rosa might break her legs the first step she took in a dance with her, Mrs. Kay's, husband. Rosa, however, took better care of her legs than all that; and Mrs. Kay was determined to take as good care of her husband, for she contrived to get all her family out of the neighbourhood in a very short time after; and she was a very wise woman, not-

withstanding, she made her husband just as she bade him.

Rosa had now cleared four houses, her eye had seen its desire upon her nines—but Dame Fortune held a ro pickle for her as will be seen. At sent, reader, there are only two cords tie Rosa in our hearts, viz. her lo person, and her fondness for her fi and mother; which fondness was sharp spur that goaded her on to e mischief she had committed—we leave you, reader, to say how a weight it should have in the balance her side of the scales.

We shall now proceed to give an account of Lord and Lady Beaumont's visit to Mr. and Mrs. Smith. "A descension in great people brings t love, my dear," said this worthy ne man to his wife. "Poor Smith and lady are ill used by their neighbors; they are both of good families, but t misfortune is to be poor. Their pr

cessors spent what they should have enjoyed; they are kicked about in this neighbourhood by people of less honourable descent, and made a sort of football for the sport of their inferiors: we will go and give them countenance; and we will go *in our best manner, and with our best equipage*, to call on them. I will write a note to Smith to prepare them for our visit, that Miss Smith may be at home to receive us, who is more used to such things than Mrs. Smith." Lord Beamystar was certainly a very worthy man, but talked a little nonsense at times like other people; but when a man means well by talking nonsense, the greater fool he is the better.

Now a note was written in order to prepare Mr. and Mrs. Smith for this visit; forasmuch as Lord Beamystar was not in a mind to frighten folks to death by way of "doing them a civil thing," as he used to say, *in his best manner and in his best equipage*. But why not sink this under water, like the swan's black



legs, show the white but hide the black of him? Why, reader, if you will condescend to alight from your prancing metaphor, and just listen to what we plain folks have to say; Lord Beaumystar was never better pleased than when a man would tell him of his foibles or his faults. "If you laugh at me," his Lordship has sometimes said to us, for we have the honour of knowing his Lordship; "if you laugh at me, let me see you laugh at me, and leave the rest to me." Upon our begging an explanation of his Lordship, he said; "If I am a fool, the sooner I know it the better; being willing to convince you of this, that I am too wise to be angry with a man who proves me to be a fool." But this is parenchymous matter, as the old anatomists talk.—Well, and so.—His Lordship ordered his *best equipage* to be brought forth; and the coachman, acting the part of the midwife, delivered the coach-house of the coach, and the stable of four of the *best* horses,

which were put to it; for, when folks go in state any where, they are twice as heavy as they are at other times, and that was the reason why the Earl and Countess of Beamystar, and their daughter, Lady Euthelia, required a four-horse power to draw them to Mr. Smith's cottage; and draw them there they did, after vast perspiration, and a monstrous deal of hard-straining.

Rosa, who was used to fine folks and fine things, received the Earl and Countess, and their daughter Lady Euthelia, without any alteration in her pulse; but, when Mr. and Mrs. Smith heard of their arrival, their pulses ran from 60 up to 120! This comes of living corked up in the country, like mushrooms in a bottle; for every body knows, when a mushroom is taken out of its bottle, and brought to table, it is frightened out of its wits, and expects to be eaten up at a mouthful. Lord and Lady Beamystar, and their daughter Lady Euthelia, met with a very civil

\*

reception from all however, except the cat, who set up her back, and swore at his Lordship when he came into the passage : whether she thought that his Lordship came to eat the mice, or drink all the milk, we cannot say, because it never came to our knowledge ; but this we know, that the cat threatened his Lordship with a crooked tail, bent her back at him, and swore three times. Mr. Smith had met Lord Beamystar at Lady Alicia Grove's, in the north ; so they were not quite unknown to each other ; and Rosa had introduced her mother at the ball, as the reader may remember, if he has not forgot it : so she, the said Mrs. Smith, knew what she was to expect.

Having got them all safe in Mr. Smith's little parlour, and shut the door, we will, if you please, reader, set them a talking. Well, now it came to pass that Lord and Lady Beamystar shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and said it was some time since they had

•

seen Lady Alicia Grove; when Mr. Smith told his Lordship that she had ceased to be an inhabitant of this world: when much surprise was expressed at her Ladyship's death not having found its way into the papers. "When one is dead," said the Earl, "the first question that is asked is who comes in for one's property?" "Every thing is left," said Mr. Smith, "to my daughter." Upon which Rosa received the congratulations of the Earl, the Countess, and Lady Euthelia, with much grace. "This neighbourhood will not see much more of you now," said the Countess; "you will retire, with Miss Smith, to the old family place in the north." "In regard to this neighbourhood," said Mrs. Smith, "we have already seen more than is good of it, Madam; and it will be no wonder to any who knows how we have been used in it, especially by the last set of people, for we have had several courses removed; it will be no wonder to any

that we shall be glad enough to get out of it." " They have taken much offence at your book, Mr. Smith," said the Earl; they say you have drawn some of their characters in it. I argued in its defence, with some of your neighbours, the other evening, and told them that I had as good cause as any man to be offended at it, men of my rank and title being more severely handled than any in it; but I said your book had my countenance and my hearty thanks too, for it had been of much use to myself and my family, in regard both to religion and morals. I begged leave to observe, that a man showed very little good sense to be angry with another for telling him of his follies or his faults; for such a man, after all, is our best friend. I told them I was glad to see a man that had the courage to attack the upper ranks in society. Great people's examples flow down to those who are beneath them: if good they nourish and fertilize, if bad they corrupt and

poison, like good and bad waters, the soil through which they run. They say they are abused in your satire; I told them they must become very good men indeed before they could say that with any truth; for to abuse a man is to say that he is worse than he is."

Mr. Smith said his Lordship did him much honour; and, having heard that the Earl had bought 500 copies of his satire in order to distribute them amongst his acquaintance, took this opportunity to thank him. "Some," said the Earl, "admire a man for what he has got in his pocket; I, a man of an odd turn, admire another for what he has got in his head. You and I, Mr. Smith, must be better acquainted with each other, I wish to have a good deal of talk with you; but I cannot stay at this time—will you permit me to invite myself to dine with you?—but one word—I shall bespeak my own dinner, Mrs. Smith, and name my own hour.—

It shall be four o'clock—and a leg of mutton, some ham, and a couple of fowls shall be all that I will permit you to get ready for me.” “We shall be very glad to see your Lordship,” said Mr. Smith. “And we hope to see Lady Beamystar, and Lady Euthelia,” said Mrs. Smith. “We will promise to come,” said the Countess, “if you will promise to invite no more.” “We shall enjoy the thing the most if we can come in a quiet way, without disturbing your peaceful habitation,” said his Lordship. Whereupon the day was fixed. Rosa and Lady Euthelia were old friends, and were glad of an opportunity to get together, and talk over their sweethearts; for Rosa had one in a corner, of whom you know but little, but soon will a great deal.

The conversation that followed turned chiefly on the uproar Rosa had created in the neighbourhood; and Lady Beamystar advised her to leave it with them,

as she had good reason to think that she would not long be safe in it, from some hints which she had picked up by an accident.



## CHAP. XIV.

*How Mr. Smith treated the Offence offered him at the Vicarage: How Rosa talked with Mr. Twinkle: Her Management of young Goose: The Story of the Rotten Eggs.*

**BUT** what notice did Mr. Smith take of his cruel usage at the Vicarage?—None at all, reader.—What! didn't he take any offence?—It was offered him, reader; but he did not choose to take any. A man may please himself, we suppose; he did not choose to take any: so he left the offenders and the offence together, called the next day, and settled the parish business with the Vicar, without saying one word about the matter. Mr. Smith was a man that did not bear much malice; and if he had on this occasion, Sir Peter Mil-denall, the chief aggressor, was shot dead within four-and-twenty hours after

the offence was offered, which was enough to satisfy the most malicious man in the world, who had not an appetite to roast and eat him after he was dead, like the New Zealanders. But he and Mrs. Smith now began to grow very uneasy about their daughter Rosa; and, from the hint which Lady Beamystar gave, began to suspect some ill designs were forming against her in the neighbourhood. There was a suspicion that young Preston was returned in disguise, and lay concealed, as it was supposed, at the Vicarage, with no very good intentions.

Mr. Smith, being now come to a mind to sell his property in this parish, had written to Mr. Grove, of Hindermark in Cumberland, to tell him so; but, notwithstanding he was love-sick to get back into his native place at Spade-oak, where he was born, and where he spent his boyish days, some time must needs run before matters could be adjusted between him and Mr.

Grove, his good cousin. John Mathers, otherwise called Old Comical, *that is, we ourselves, who now drive the quill,* reader, was now daily expected at Mr. Smith's, to treat on this business, measure the land, feel people's pulses how they beat upon an inclosure of the parish, and forelay matters all in order before Mr. Bartholomew Decastro, then in London upon this business, with full powers, by Mr. Grove invested, to purchase Mr. Smith's estate in the parish aforesaid. We are married, reader, to Madam Funstall, of Dilly's Puddle, whom we shall soon introduce to you, with her fan in her hand. But of these matters thus far.

Rosa had now wreaked her vengeance on the neighbourhood, and that, too, sufficiently, one might think, to satisfy any ordinary person. Some days before the fatal duel between Mr. Twinkle and young Preston—once his friend, but soon become his rival and his bitterest enemy—Rosa's work, it

came to pass that Mr. Twinkle—who stuck to Rosa somewhat too closely for her purposes, and with whom it was therefore her aim to break off—it came to pass that Mr. Twinkle met her, by accident, at the Swan, where she kept her horses: upon which he begged to speak a few words with her; and Rosa, to hear the said words, walked with Mr. Twinkle into the street. Rosa had an art—which we very much wish that every lady who reads her history will hold in great abhorrence—to make those whom she hated the most think that she most loved them; and in this service she employed those virtues which the most embellish the sex, and make women the most lovely in the eyes of men. The blush, the tear, the tender sigh, the look of pity, and the voice of love, like so many servants, waited her orders. She would make a man believe that her heart was formed by nature to be fond of the other sex: whatever a man did had a charm for her; and

whatever he said had something divine in it. Rosa was naturally one of the most modest of her sex ; but art must needs come in here too, and dress the virtue to the best advantage ; and, when it was wanted, turn it to the best account : it was then adorned in all its graces when employed in the greatest mischief. Nature owed mankind a spite when she formed Rosa ; and she seemed to have taken no little pains to put a lady together on purpose to execute vengeance on the sex. She very seldom is so kind as to entrust every power of destruction in the hands of one happy female : she had done it in Rosa's case ; the more was the pity for Mr. Smith's unlucky neighbourhood. There was sure to be the greatest sweetness in Rosa's smile when her heart was the fullest of gall ; and she was sure to give a lover the greatest confidence when she had it in hand the most to deceive him. She had the art always to please him the most at the very moment she

did him the most despite. A kind thing in Rosa always, in these cases, foreran an act of malice; and a soft look, which inspired comfort into a lover's soul, only served to open his bosom to receive some poisoned dagger in his heart. Rosa had received that sort of education which is usually given to the children of the highest class of people: she was crowded with ornament; and when there was no room left to stick another diamond, her masters left her, and she came out of their hands as finished a thing as hands could make her; and so she was, as far as outside went. But there is something else belongs to a good watch besides that; for, unless the works within are made good, whether it be in a watch, or whether it be in a woman, neither the watch nor the woman will move as they ought to do. Our fine schools seem to think it is no great matter for a lady's inside as long as she is well enamelled without. Rosa had fine talents;

but as she had not been instructed what use to make of them, she had a mind to let folks see how much mischief she could do when she set about it : and, in order to show people that her costly education was not ill-bestowed, or the money thrown away, she employed every dangerous grace she had been taught, in its services ; and this the young gentlemen in Mr. Smith's neighbourhood found to their cost.

“ Mr. Twinkle,” said she, as soon as she found she was possessed of his whole heart, and her malicious purpose answered ; “ Mr. Twinkle,” said she, “ I will not deceive you ; it is in vain to pursue me any further ; it would be cruel in me to mislead you : my father and mother are inexorable ; and I sincerely hope this will be a lesson to you, that it will put you on your guard not to make a jest of any body for the future. We none of us know, my dear Sir, what use one may be of to another ; the very existence of the upper ranks in society

may, by some accident, depend upon the good will, or the good offices, of the lowest and the meanest. You have had your jest, Mr. Twinkle; but you have lost a friend in my father. Neither he, nor my mother, will hear me plead in favour of one who has made them his sport; and so, Sir, with a hope that you will at least give me credit for my candour, though I have it not in my power to lay you under any other obligation, I must now wish you a good morning:" saying which, she made Mr. Twinkle a very handsome curtsy, and left him to his meditations.

After this Rosa so managed matters with Mr. Thomas Preston, as to bring a quarrel between him and his friend Mr. Twinkle, working with him, by a thousand arts, to show who it was that stood in the way of his wishes; holding up promises that she never made, and pretending obligations under which she never lay, bearing Mr. Thomas Preston in hand, that while Mr. Twinkle lived,

\*



such her engagements stood uncanceled : and, O what a pity it was she had not known Mr. Preston sooner ; but this her hard fate forbade ! This comedy was carried on by soft looks and eyes suffused with sweet languishment, a heaving bosom and commanded sighs, on her part ; and, in plain English, by that crafty baggage, her maid Mary.

Preston and Twinkle, old friends and school-fellows, first grew cool ; then seldom spoke to each other ; then not at all ; met one day by accident, quarrelled, and fought—the fatal consequence of all which hath already been laid before the reader. This was a master-piece of Rosa's art ; but we must leave her praises to others. We must now turn our style to Mr. Edward Goose, who might be a goose without being a fool ; but we don't say he was, though it were something too much to be both. He was both, however, for which we must needs envy him not a little ; since what young man of any

wisdom, known as Rosa now was in this place, would not, if he had seen her coming on the turnpike road, have turned his horse and rode off upon a full gallop? Nay, what horse in his senses would have met her, let his rider whip and spur as he might; for who knows what spite Rosa might bear a man's cattle? A town bull, as history relates, fell in love with the Queen of Crete; and who knows what influence Rosa, who was at least as handsome, might have upon the heart of a horse? At all events, we think it would be doing the prudent thing in a horse to get out of her way; for a horse might have neighed his heart out after her, and got no pity but a horse-whip for his pains. Perhaps you have forgotten the story of the rotten eggs, reader; but if you have, Rosa had not, whose memory was a faithful registrar of injuries once received. This was certainly as dirty a trick as ever was played at a gentleman's house, to discover the authors of which

Rosa secretly offered five guineas reward; you may recollect, reader, Mr. and Mrs. Smith paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Goose; and their little chaise was, as usual, left at the door. Now old Diamond, the buggy-horse, espying a nice tuft of grass at a little distance from the door, seemed to think he might as well taste it as stand idle; so he walked up to it with much gravity, and, after a strain or two, he broke the bearing-rein, and got at the grass, which was a fine plant of ribbon grass fixed in a border. This was the opportunity which some wag-gish gentlemen took to put four addled eggs under the two cushions of Mr. Smith's buggy, two for Mr. and two for Mrs. Smith, that one might not complain of having more eggs than the other. We need not tell the reader what hatched these eggs, when Mr. and Mrs. Smith sat down with all their weight upon the cushions in their buggy; as little occasion have we to tell him that Arabia the Blessed hath not in all

its spicy wildernesses any precious odour at all like the sweet essences which Mr. and Mrs. Smith scattered on the winds as they trotted along the road. We crave pardon of thee, courteous reader, for mentioning this offensive matter at all ; but it comes in aggravation of the guilt of this neighbourhood, adds to its enormities, and crowds the scale the more on Rosa's behalf, whom, though we cannot excuse her by any verdict, we would excuse as far as the cause can plead in mitigation of the effect. We tell the story as fairly as we can between the parties ; and, though we condemn the conduct of the beautiful Rosa, the opposite party are equally inexcusable, though not equally criminal. The provoking insults cast upon her father and mother merited the severest censures, though not the death and destruction of any of the parties : to lie by and coolly plot such unwarrantable vengeance, will not, by moralists, be allowed to be the duty she should do to her father and

mother ; but we must go on to state the cases on both sides. Now it came to pass that Mr. Edward Goose and young Kay, authors of all the mischief, followed the buggy at a distance on horseback to enjoy the jest ; and, upon seeing it stopped, and Mr. and Mrs. Smith get out, came out and asked what was the matter ? Mr. Smith said they had stopped to search for something which they could not find ; the thing, indeed, was plain enough in one sense, namely, the nose ; but the cause was hid, though they were sensible enough of the effect. “ If it is a perfume that you are searching for,” said young Goose, with an arch look, “ I can tell you where to find that ; I have it here, Sir.” “ And I have it here, Sir,” said young Kay.” “ And I have it here,” said Mr. Smith. And Mrs. Smith gave signs of having it there, for she held her handkerchief to her nose. Now Mr. Smith, in getting into the buggy to take another look in it, brought his nose a little nearer to

one of the cushions than it had been before. "It is something in the chaise," said he ; " and, turning over one of the cushions, found the broken eggs, and the cause of the aromatic matter !—The women, some say, have more curiosity than the men ; Mrs. Smith was not satisfied with what was found under one cushion, but was curious to see what might be found under the other, and, turning it over, made this discovery, videlicet, that Mr. Smith had not kept all the eggs to himself. Well, Mr. Edward Goose, and young Kay, now made an apology for a violent fit of laughter which seized on them both at the same instant ; and young Goose promised to go home that moment, and make every inquiry into the matter. Mr. and Mrs. Smith, though they were then five miles from home, chose rather to walk, than return to their cushions in the buggy. Matters were bad enough as they were ; but they ended still more seriously ; a heavy rain came on before they could

get home, and Mrs. Smith, being wetted through, caught a cold and a fever, which confined her to her room for three weeks. What a fine thing it is to teach servants to read their book!—What is this to the purpose?—You will see, reader, if your impatience does not put your eyes out.—Mr. Edward Goose could not keep this joke to himself for his heart; so he must needs take his pen and tell Mr. John Mildenall of this glorious piece of fun played off on poor Mr. Smith and his lady. Now letters are sometimes left in coat pockets, and servants sometimes have coats given them to be brushed.—What are pockets made for? Why, to put people's hands in. What are people's hands put into folks pockets for? Why, to pull things out. Mr. Mildenall's servant was a good scholar, and knew all this; took out Mr. Edward Goose's letter, written to his young master, out of his pocket, read the same, and put it into his own.

“ Did you find any letter in my coat-

pocket, John?" said young Mr. Mil-denall. "No, Sir," said John. "I have lost a letter, John." "I am sorry to hear it, Sir," said John; but hope there was no money in it." Now the five guineas, offered by Rosa, brought this letter to her hands by the means of her trusty maid Mary; but how Mary came by it was to be a secret, which Mary of course told her mistress the very first time she saw her, and telling her it was a secret, did her duty.

Rosa was now armed at all points to knock down young Goose, who, having picked up intelligence that Rosa was mistress of more than ten thousand pounds a year, fell desperately in love with her fortune. The neighbourhood, he told her one day in an amorous fit, had used Mr. and Mrs. Smith in a most scandalous manner; but nothing, he thanked Heaven, could ever be laid to the charge of him or his family, who had always shown hers every respect in the world; and, in regard to the affair of



the eggs, it had been proved upon one of the helpers in his father's stables, who was instantly discharged, with a good horse-whipping, given by the hand of him the said Mr. Edward Goose, who felt at that moment the utmost anger and indignation at the person concerned in such an infamous transaction: and he was determined to horse-whip the scoundrel again, the first time he met with him! Rosa, with a smile, put her hand into her bosom—what a delightful place for a young gentleman's letter to lie in!—and taking out the very epistle which Mr. Edward Goose had written to Mr. John Milddenall, read as it followeth:—

“DEAR JACK,

“You tell me, in your note of yesterday, that you have heard the story of Buggy Smith, his wife, and the rotten eggs, and want to know who it was that played them the trick—envy me, my dear fellow, my wit and ingenuity. I,

even I, am the author of all the fun.—  
I, even I, put the rotten eggs under the  
buggy cushions ; and to me, even me,  
all the credit, honour, and renown, is  
due for so bright a thought ! I'll tell  
you more when we meet on Friday.

“ Till then, Dear Jack,

“ Yours most truly,

“ E. GOOSE.”

Poor Mr. E. Goose was pretty well  
roasted by the time Rosa had read him  
his letter ; but, as she had no very great  
inclination to eat him when she had  
done, she left the savoury morsel to his  
meditations.—Thus ended the affair of  
young Goose and the addled eggs.—  
Mr. Smith bore all these things with  
an even mind ; and, as some men read  
good books without making any use  
of them, he made use of them as well  
as read them. Between Mr. and Mrs.  
Smith there was this difference : she  
took fire at these indignities, and blew

the fire after it was lighted; Mr. Sarr took fire too at the aforesaid insult but took all the pains he could to put out as soon as possible.

## CHAP. XV.

*The falling off of Mr. Smith's Neighbourhood : Rosa incurs the Displeasure of the Trades-people and others : She is very much struck, and becomes acquainted with a dead Cat : Mr. and Mrs. Smith fed with a Mud Shovel.*

**MR.** Smith was now rising, and his neighbourhood falling, daily. The visit and countenance given him by the Earl and Countess of Beamystar, and their daughter Lady Euthelia, raised his family out of stone's throw. The news, too, of Rosa's vast fortune, and the appearance of her carriage and four horses at the Swan, opened people's eyes, and bent their heads to the ground. There were now no less than four servants parading the street, in orange and gold liveries, and making people's eyes ache at the sight of them. Well, but how came she not to put her servants

into mourning? ought her sorrow to have known any bounds, coming, as she did, by the death of her aunt, into such an amazing fortune? Why this great estate, coming down all at once upon her, was a very grievous matter; it was a wonder, wasn't it, that Rosa and her servants did not cry their eyes out?—There was no harm happened, however, to any of their eyes that we could ever hear; but, should any sad injury have come to any of them from excessive weeping, we shall, as faithful historians, lay the same before the reader.—Rosa had her reasons for not putting her people into black cloth; but what that reason was we have the misfortune not to know. Four of the families had now left this neighbourhood; when Mr. and Mrs. Morer, having lost their friends, sold the lease of their house, and went to Bath. Mr. and Mrs. Goose, having lately bought their place, stood their ground; young Goose, giving up his suit to Rosa as a hopeless matter, re-

turned—the vacation being ended—returned, with a foolish face, to the university, in order to exchange it for a wise one. Fortune, reader, is something like the weather, in this our high northern latitude, a little changeable. Rosa had carried all matters with a very high hand, had bred great disturbances and much distraction in this neighbourhood, and done more mischief than if a shell had been thrown into it; and so much with design, that she would have done more if she could. Her love for her father and mother, and her malice, knew no bounds; for, in proportion as she loved them she hated those who did them any despite, and she took advice of the devil himself, what ground it were the best to take to do her duty to them at the best advantage. Bred in the world from her infancy, she knew how far she might go with the other sex with safety; for, amongst other qualities, she was always very jealous of her reputation, and that, not because she

knew how much force modesty had with the other sex, or of what use it might be in a plot against them, but because she was by nature very modest. The cruel insinuations, therefore, at the vicarage, stung her to the quick; and the rather, because they brought her into some suspicion, even with her father and mother: and indeed, some things considered, not altogether without reason. The strange account her servants gave of her gave matters a very odd face: they neither knew who she was, or where she came from; had picked it up, however, at her lodgings in London, that she was visited by some gentleman who resided at the Old Hummums in Covent Garden; she had always plenty of money they said, and had the command of a very handsome carriage, which she called her own. If she had any servants before they were hired, every one had been turned off before they came into her service. She was certainly a very good mistress; but who

she was, or what she was, was best known to herself, for she had taken care nobody else should know any thing about the matter.

This, and more added to it, came from Betty, Mrs. Smith's maid, who told her mistress she was very glad Miss was come home, for London was a very scandalous place : now this, put to what we have already recorded, and topped up with what Mr. Smith heard that day at the vicarage, might breed maggots in the soundest brains in the world. We can hardly have any occasion to inform the reader, that the gentleman who resided at the Old Hummums, and visited Rosa at her lodgings in town, was none other than Mr. Bartholomew Decastro, who was made Lady Alicia Grove's executor, and came with Rosa to London, to administer to the will. Rosa managed matters in this case a little unskilfully : if she chose to keep her affairs a secret until such time as she thought it good to divulge them, she,



in the mean time, should have given her newly-hired servants something to feed upon: they would then, perhaps, have been satisfied, and not made provision for themselves, at the expense of their mistress's reputation. It has struck us, and that too pretty forcibly, that some hint of these things laid the first stone of the comedy acted at the vicarage, which Rosa made the master and mistress of that house pay pretty dearly for. It is some cause for regret, that while the historian exposes to view the arts and contrivances of such as are ingenious in doing mischief, he often instructs bad people, who have as much malice, but less wit, to plot the destruction of others. Perhaps this may be a sufficient excuse for us to suppress the particulars of Rosa's stratagems to entrap the good Vicar of this parish, and break up his family: he had four children, two boys and two girls, by Mrs. White-eye; and the misery occasioned by the separation of their father and

mother was unspeakable. The relations of the family met at the vicarage, and when they found that any reconciliation between Mr. and Mrs. White-eye was impracticable, Mrs. White-eye being a lady of an uncommon spirit, it was agreed, after a world of altercation and quarrelling, that one boy and girl should remain with the father, and the other boy and girl go away with the mother—the distress of the poor children, who loved their parents, was inconceivable.

Rosa, who called at the vicarage under pretext of exculpating herself, but in reality to enjoy the sad distraction she had occasioned in this wretched family, expressed herself satisfied with the revenge she had taken upon this house. The eldest girl, named Louisa, fifteen years of age, upon taking leave of her father fell into fits, and was carried out of the house in a state of insensibility. To put the last figure to this sad account, in less than ten days after parting with her husband, Mrs. White-eye committed

suicide in a manner too shocking to be related in this work.

What place Rosa now occupies in the reader's esteem, or if any, we, of course, cannot say ; but if he feels a regard for her in proportion to the accumulated mischiefs she has done, we fear she will give him a cast of her office, and break his heart. We observed at the head of this digression that Fortune, like the weather in these our high northern lati-

tudes, is apt to be a little changeable. Rosa had so far run on scattering fire-brands, arrows, and death, without meeting with much check in her career of malice and revenge, except the wound that her reputation received, which was but to her what the wound of the spur is to a spirited horse, did but quicken her on the road to the destruction of the family at the vicarage, which she actually scattered on the face of the earth ; for, upon the news of Mrs. White-eye's shocking death, Mr. White-eye put one child under the care of one relation and

another under the care of another, and left the kingdom ; but to what part of the world he directed his steps was never known.

Now, in consequence of these her brilliant acts, Rosa began to grow detested in this neighbourhood ; she often got insulted as she rode along the streets of the village ; a curse would reach her ear from one corner, a hiss from another, and a groan from a third. One day a dead cat was thrown at her with so much violence, as almost knocked her off her horse. The trades-people in the town had now by her means lost the custom of five families, who, being people of large fortunes, had, of course, large wants to be supplied, and dealt pretty liberally with the shop-keepers in the village : some paid their bills before they went away, and some went away before they paid their bills ; but let the matter fall heads or tails, the trades-people suffered great losses. Now, what was worse than all the rest, the petit thieves and

pilferers that live, like vermin, by biting a bit off the cheese, and a bit off the bacon, were starving upon the hands of the parish, and Rosa *raised the poor's rates* just at that happy moment when there were the fewest in the parish to pay them. Well, and thieves must live, if not on robberies, why, then on charity; and it is the office of charity to return good for evil. Now five rich families being sent with all their money in their pockets out of the parish, all their grand donations to the poor ceased on their departure, so that sin upon sin was accumulated on Rosa's back, and the people in the village could have eat her with a bit of salt! Rosa, however, was a girl of spirit; she took her rides as usual in spite of hisses, groans, curses, and dead cats, with this difference however, that she added one servant more to her train, after her introduction to the dead cat aforesaid. But one day, notwithstanding her guards, when she was taking an airing with Mrs. Smith in her carriage,

a large stone found its way through both windows of her coach, which happened to be drawn up just in time to receive it.

It was now Mr. and Mrs. Smith's turn to come in for their share of ill usage from the lower classes, who, since the upper held their hands, thought it hard they should have none at all. It was their fault, they said, that so much mischief had been done in the place; they ought to have looked to their daughter better. So one day, as Mr. and Mrs. Smith passed some fellows who were shovelling mud out of the kennel, one gave Mr. Smith a shovel full of kennel water in his eyes on one side, and that husband and wife should not complain for want of equal civility, another fellow gave Mrs. Smith her mouth full on the other; and when they got home, neither could tell which had the largest share. Rosa's coachman and groom, however, happening to stand at the door of the Swan, saw the fun, fell upon the two fellows with their whips, and paid them

extra for their day's work began now to pray for the rival of John Mathers—selves, reader, who not putting ourselves in it for greater state and dignity—yes, reader, Mr. So pray heartily for our shovel full of your goodness will do sometimes, where right place!—But, when we come in we shall and put on the sing-song yore, and call ourselves COMICAL.

About this time a man in disguise, was often at the Swan inn, and of the village; he passed for a man with one arm, and on his forehead which eye. William, Rosa's got notice of him, and told that thought him a very suspicious keep this man in mind re-

extra for their day's work. Mr. Smith began now to pray heartily for the arrival of John Mathers—that is, we ourselves, reader, who now drive the quill, putting ourselves in the plural number for greater state and dignity as historians—yes, reader, Mr. Smith began now to pray heartily for our arrival; see what a shovel full of your genuine kennel mud will do sometimes, when it is put in the right place!—But, N.B. reader, when we come in we shall pull off the plural and put on the singular number, as of yore, and call ourselves in history **OLD COMICAL**.

About this time a man, thought to be in disguise, was often seen lurking about the Swan inn, and other parts of the village; he passed for a Russian soldier, a man with one arm, and a black patch on his forehead which concealed one eye. William, Rosa's groom, first took notice of him, and told the coachman he thought him a very suspicious character: keep this man in mind reader; we have



now got a world of matter on our hands, and have only time just to touch things with the point of our pen. We are getting into the very meridian of our epistaxis: if you don't know what that is, you must look the word out in the dictionary for we can't stop now to explain it. Rosa, who dared not stir a step on foot or on horseback without two of her servants, walked one day to the post-office, which was kept by Mr. Stiff, landlord of the Swan—"Is there any letter for me?" said Rosa; "None Madam," said the letter-man. "Look again, my good man," said Rosa, "I am sure there must be a letter for me." The man looked again, and said, shaking his head, "Indeed there is no letter for you, Madam." How sad Rosa looked when the man said, indeed there was no letter for her!—There was one for her father, however, from Mr. Bartholomew Decastro, which she carried home; Mr. Smith broke it open with great joy, and read as followeth:

“ TO MR. SMITH,

“ OLD FRIEND,

“ My bailiff, John Mathers, will be with you on Sunday: he will measure the land: do you go and show him where to find it: your estate, as near as I can guess, as markets go, will be worth about twelve thousand pounds; when I get the exact quantity of the land I shall be able to set a price upon it. When the land is measured send me a letter to the Old Hummums in Covent Garden, and fix your lowest price upon your property: I shall be in London in a few days time, and will, upon the receipt of your letter, come to you. My respects to Madam.

“ Yours,

“ BARTHOLOMEW DECASTRO.”

“ February 19.”

“ P. S. I would have come and measured the land myself, but have got a troublesome business on my hands. John, however, can do it very well—if there

are any pieces that do not lie in squares, I will pull the chain over them again, when I come, for your satisfaction. Grove has made me his attorney, so we shall have no trouble when you and I have agreed upon the price of the land and houses. One has just now told my wife that there has been a quarrel in your neighbourhood about your wench, and a man has been killed: keep an eye on that sightly young vermin."

While Mr. Smith was reading this letter Mrs. Smith came into the room and said, "What's that?" and, without waiting for an answer, snatched the letter out of his hand. Some say the ladies are hasty and impatient, this we think, is a very sufficient proof to the contrary.

"Twelve thousand pounds! my dear," said she, fixing her eyes upon the money—who will say the ladies don't know where to look?—"Twelve thousand pounds, my dear!—close with him directly, it will put a hundred pounds a

year to our income at five per cent., for twelve times five are sixty, and the nought put to that makes six hundred.”

“ Well, my dear,” said Mr. Smith, “ have a little patience and we shall see.” “ I think we shall,” said she, “ if we get some more mud thrown into our eyes ; nothing clears the sight like it. Physic, the doctors say, makes us worse at first and better afterwards ; a shovel full of mud thrown into ones eyes may be a little similar to it ; for I am sure I saw the worse for it at first ; that “ better afterwards,” however, is yet to come. You have been to the Justice, I hope, this morning to lodge a complaint of this matter ? ” “ I have some reason to think, my dear,” said he, “ it was an accident : if it was done on purpose, which I am willing to think it was not, I really don’t know who the men were that committed the assault, for I was struck so blind with the mud, I could hardly find my own door. All that I know of the matter is that there were

eight or ten fellows cleansing the kennel and throwing the mud about in all directions: the thing might be an accident—" "An accident! Mr. Smith," said she; "as I live and breathe it was done for the purpose, for I heard them laugh! An accident indeed! I suppose if one had opened your mouth, and another thrown a shovel full of mud into it, you would have called that an accident, Mr. Smith." "Well, my dear," said he, "it will be of no use for me to go before the Justice if I cannot fix the thing on any body." "You will never stir in any thing, Mr. Smith; an active man would have washed his face, run into the street, and picked up half a dozen witnesses in five minutes." "Well, my dear," said Mr. Smith, "I shall stir out of this place soon, and I hope we shall agree when we are both in a stirring humour; but in regard to going before the Justice, I really don't see what good can come of it, when I can swear to nothing." "Swear to nothing!" said Mrs. Smith

with a wrinkle of amazement in her face. "Swear to nothing!" said she, "I can swear that I had my mouth and eyes filled with mud—and that will be swearing to something, Mr. Smith. I am determined to go before Mr. John Perpendicular, and make a complaint; and Betty shall go with me and carry my clothes, and lay them before the Justice: I had a gallon of kennel-water thrown into my bosom, and it ran all through me! I was forced to go into the bath, Mr. Smith!" "Well, my dear," said Mr. Smith, "if it was no greater offence than what a little water could wash away, whether meant, or not meant, we had as good think no more of it; if you go before the Justice with your dirty clothes you will only get laughed at, and make matters worse." "Laughed at, Mr. Smith! I will go I am determined."

"My dear mamma," said Rosa, who stood by in silence, "let me beg of you not to go—the men who treated you in *this* dirty manner have been punished;

my servants saw the thing done, and gave both the fellows a good horse-whipping for their insolence." This scarcely appeased the angry lady, however, who, in the mind she was, would have made a hanging matter of it. Some, who bear a little too hardly upon the ladies, say that they are by nature fond of revenge. We are very happy to bring Mrs. Smith in as an instance to the contrary. She would have been content to have seen these fellows hanged, when other ladies would not have held their hands until they had flung them, bones and all, to the devil.

Mr. Smith—what a loving gentleman he must be!—Mr. Smith now introduced a subject, sweet as sugar to his lady, the quitting the neighbourhood, and retiring into the north; and told Mrs. Smith she might be upon the look-out for people to pack up the furniture, and be getting matters ready for a speedy removal; for he expected that his shadow would not darken the parish another month. "My

dear," said he, " Mr. Mathers will be here to-morrow, and if the weather prove favourable, we shall get the land measured, and every thing ready for Mr. Bartholomew Decastro in less than a fortnight." Rosa at that moment left the room, and Mrs. Smith said, " Rosa seems to be grown very grave within this day or two ; surely she cannot take to heart what has happened in the neighbourhood. I, for my part, am glad that its insolence has fallen upon its own head ; and as to poor Rosa, make the worst of it, she can but be regarded the innocent cause of all.

END OF VOL. I.



718

